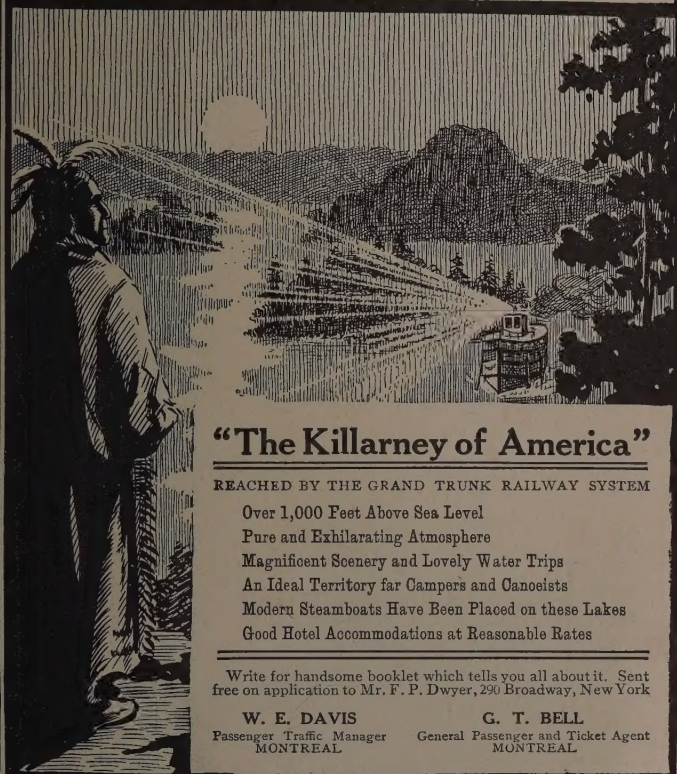


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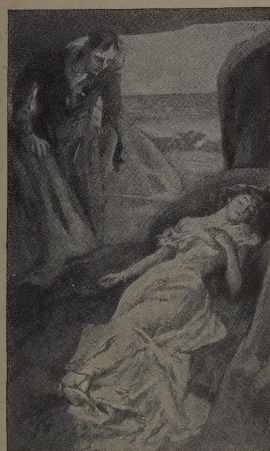
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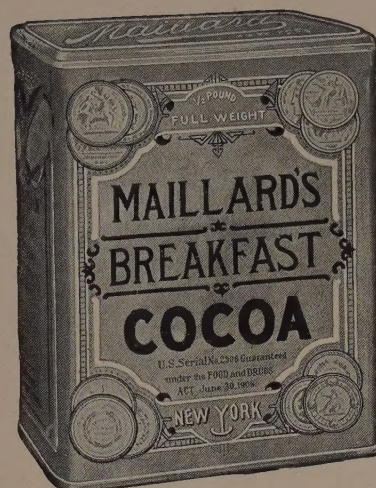
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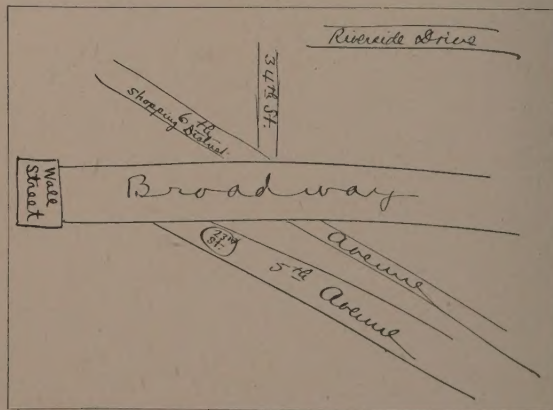
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THE THEATRE

VOL. X

AUGUST, 1909

NO 102

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Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF BERTHA KALICH, WHO WILL BE SEEN THIS COMING SEASON IN A NEW PLAY



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PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF MISS MARY BOLAND, LEADING WOMAN WITH JOHN DREW

LYRIC. "THE MOTOR GIRL." Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Julian Edwards. Book and lyrics by Chas. J. Campbell and Ralph M. Skinner. Produced June 15 with this cast:

Dorothy Dare.....Georgia Caine
Louise.....Elizabeth Brice
Wilhelmina Lamm.....Adelaide Sharp
Mrs. Arthur Dare.....Bessie Franklin
Lottie Lakeside.....Helen Adair
Penelope Penn.....Stella Bowe
Adolphous.....George Pauncefort
General Bockheister.....George Majoroni
Dick Willoughby.....Martin Brown
Bill Pusher.....James F. Cook
Robin Coyne.....John Lorenz
Mynheer Alehoff.....George Callahan
Ludwig Liebling.....James B. Carson

Captain Ruffhaus.....Frank Shea
Felix.....Robert O'Connor
Arthur Dare.....George Lyman
Pres. of Auto Club.....Carroll C. Clucas
Ruth Rittenhouse.....Laura Wentworth
Welthea Walton.....Leota Hingston
Patience Partridge.....Matie Ten Eyck
Charity Chambers.....Helen Scotten
Hope Hapgood.....Flora Crosbie
Faith Fairleigh.....Nancy Poole
Priscilla Penrose.....Lillian Foster
Prudence Pennington.....Anita Pollock
Georgette.....Bessilee Merrill

Plays and Players

In "The Motor Girl" an automobile is for a few moments a tangi-asset in the plot. Dorothy Dare (Georgia Caine) drives it on, in Holland, and later, so we are informed, wins a race with it at Paris, posing as her brother. That is the plot. Its sole function is to provide the opera with a title and to furnish us with a specific kind of girl. The motor girl should have been accompanied by a Grand Duke and a General, but two jailbirds have stolen their caps and fur coats and passports and taken their places. They presently get rid of their prison stripes and are thoroughly aristocratic.

In various ways these two characters, as played by James F. Cook and John Lorenz, successfully demonstrated that to escape from the penitentiary is highly conducive to a sense of humor, and that freedom in acrobatic dancing is not destroyed by the lock-step. They are comedians with novel specialties. One of these is the imitation of a critical moment in a baseball game.

There is no giving an account of any opera of the day of this kind except by reference to the details. The only consistency is inconsistency. The only fixed law is mutability. The one feeling is the lure of the girl. Everything is momentary, but everything pleases. The opera has no significance whatever, but the details are charming.

The action begins in Holland and travels to Paris, but wherever it is the feminine contingent may come from any part of the world or even from a past period. What more delightful and inconsistent than the Ladies of the Teazle period disporting themselves in Holland? What better justification for a song entitled *In Philadelphia*, sung in Paris, than that it is tuneful and has the approval of people who can whistle? What difference does it make that it is sung by Louise (Elizabeth Brice), the Quakers and the Uhlans? What matters a plot when Miss Brice so charmingly sings *Just Like This* and *I'm Old Enough to Think?*

Georgia Caine, as the motor girl, is dainty and is pleasing and real, while the character represented is nothing. There are no illusions in this popular kind of entertainment. It is the individuality of the people alone. The individual is served up in as many different guises as possible. Miss Caine is not always the motor girl, otherwise she could not sing *The Belle of the Dairy Lunch*. Milkmaids, waitresses, Dutch girls, Quaker girls, the same girls, but multiplied by the easy device of changing costumes and nationali-



White

FRANK KEENAN

Will star next season in a play called "The Heights" by William Anthony McGuire

ties. This amatory trifling and coquetry with the public seems as welcome from the Dutch girl in her sabots as from the demure Quakeress in her sunbonnet. Princess or peasant, it is all the same if the ankle is trim and the eye is sly and merry. "The Motor Girl" is beautifully staged.

JARDIN DE PARIS. "FOLLIES OF 1909." Summer spectacle in two acts and thirteen scenes by Harry B. Smith and Maurice Levi. Produced June 14 with this cast:

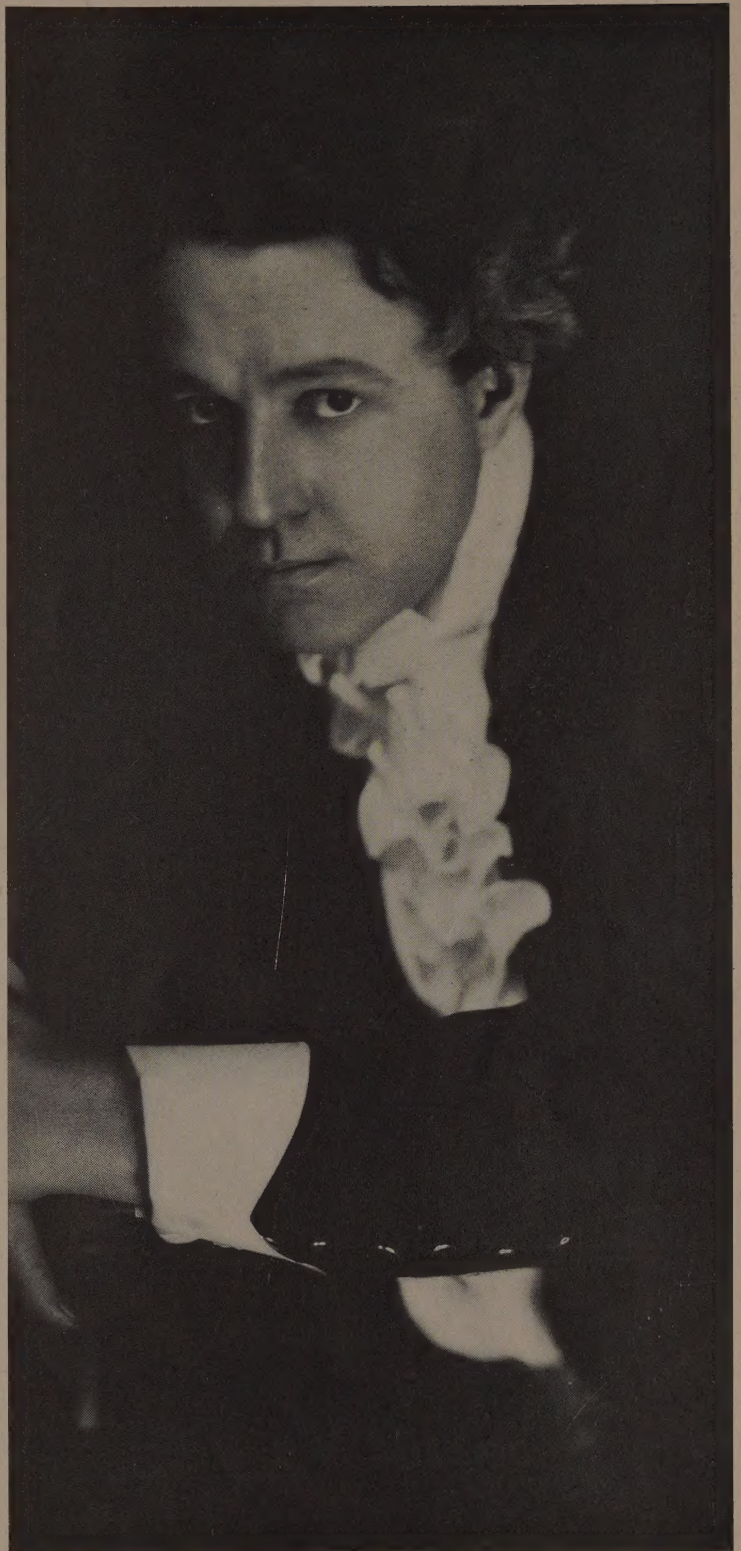
Caruso 2d.....Arthur Deagon	A Gaiety Girl.....Bessie Clayton
T. R.Harry Kelly	Aeroplane Girl.....Lillian Lorraine
Got a Cazzaza.....Wm. Powers	Star Gazer.....Nora Bayes
Oscar H.Billie Reeves	Adonis.....Elise Hamilton
Oscar Hammerstein, Maurice Hegeman	PsycheEdna Chase
KermitJack Norworth	VenusAnnabelle Whitford
A Vaudeville Star.....Eva Tanguay	The Scarecrow.....Miss McMahon

A "Revue," such as Mr. Ziegfeld puts together in "The Follies of 1909," has the merit, as compared with the usual comic opera of the day, of being about something, not about any one thing for any great length of time, but the action has definiteness while it lasts and until it jumps to something else. Usually it is nothing about a pretended something or a pretended something about nothing. These "follies" are distinctly of stageland, without reality about them, but the actors extract the cube root of reality in the direction of the fantastic.

There are thirteen scenes in various parts of the world, and entertainment is procured from as many subjects. The second scene in the second act is a jungle in Africa, in which are seen a tiger, an ostrich, a monkey, an elephant, two lions and a giraffe. They are all exceedingly amiable, and only lack the gift of speech for the perfection of their comedy. Mr. Roosevelt is seen in action. The accommodating lion, standing erect, holds a target between its paws, but our hunter decides to give an exhibition of his marksmanship by shooting an apple from its head. One of the party, begging pardon for the interruption, and as if to make the apple more secure in its place, takes a large bite of it. It appears to be good; Kermit takes a bite. Mr. Roosevelt likes the idea of a smaller target, and sees to it personally that only the core is left.

All this seems very trivial, but it is legitimate folly successfully carried off. Mr. Kelly, as Roosevelt, would amuse the former president himself. Nor are the bounds exceeded perhaps in the introduction of the reporters, photographers, the moving picture people, stenographers and press agents. The two decrepit lions, in addition to the two shaggy-maned funmakers, were superfluous. There is a scene of a meeting of Emperor William and Mr. Roosevelt in the throne room, an ornate reproduction. The one compliments the other as the greatest man in the world except himself. Necessarily, the flying machine had to be "reviewed." This was accomplished by the sudden appearance at one end of the hall of an airship, which circled the hall, suspended, of course. In it was seated Miss Lorraine, who sang *Up, Up, Up, in My Aeroplane*, scattering flowers in her flight. A chorus of girls accompanied her with song. The Greatest Navy in the World was reviewed ingeniously. One girl, representing a state, wearing a hat in the shape of a battleship, came on singly until the stage was filled. After they had manœuvred, the lights were quickly lowered, and above a screen the heads of the girls were seen, the effect, with the scenery, being the fleet riding at anchor in our harbor, every porthole glittering with the electric light, the city twinkling in the background. There was a baseball game with girls figuring in it, with a comic hulk of a batter as an adjunct. A seance in mesmerism was productive of infinite merriment. At the close of the first act, in which the game takes place, the entire chorus and all hands begin tossing balls among the audience, with the invitation to play ball with them. The response did not fail.

Oscar Hammerstein was reviewed in his office at the Manhattan. There was six of him, with various aspects of him in pictures on the wall. The irascible Oscar granted audience to Bessie Clayton and approved her dancing, as well he might. Miss Maude Adams was also very much reviewed. There were



Moffett, Chicago

DUSTIN FARNUM

As Cameo Kirby in Booth Tarkington's and Harry Leon Wilson's play of that name

six of her and then some, clad demurely as the spinster in "What Every Woman Knows." It is proper to mention incidentally that there were six John Shands and six blonde singers for good measure. It is, moreover, well to mention the fact that one of the members of the multitudinous company had some busy moments of experience with a scarecrow. A separate scene in a wheat field was required for this. The scarecrow would not stand straight, and, in being carried off, made itself a bundle of trouble, displaying diverse perversities. Miss McMahon is unapproachable as a scarecrow. One scene was in the Millionaires' Ward in the Tombs. The millionaires, lying about on their cots in their silk pajamas, effect the downfall of the Police Commissioner. This scene is a riot of buffoonery and "business."



The Maid (Maude Adams)

ACT II. JOAN BROUGHT BEFORE THE THRONE, FACING THE KNIGHT IMPERSONATING CHARLES X, EXCLAIMS: "THOU ART NOT THE KING!"

"Joan of Arc" in the Stadium at Harvard

THAT was a brave undertaking which Maude Adams essayed when she determined to play the delicate and elusive heroine of Schiller's "Jungfrau von Orleans" in the open air of Harvard's Stadium before an audience of more than fifteen thousand people. For Miss Adams must very well have known that by no possibility could she make the finer passages of the play audible—not to say visible—to more than a small proportion of her vast audience, and it is only by facial play and the subtle inflections of voice that any actress's conception of such a rôle as Schiller has created in Joan could be conveyed. A woman of loving heart warring against her inward conviction of consecration to a great cause—that is Schiller's Joan, and no number of stalwart horses carrying their riders to mortal combat, no panoply of battle or stir of processional pageant could compensate, to those who care for acting *as such*, for the sacrifice of visual sharing in this tremendous conflict of the soul.

None the less, the Stadium production of Schiller's masterpiece will go down to theatrical history as the greatest thing of the kind ever presented in America. There were over thirteen hundred active participants in the play (and that does not include the horses, all of whom made a tremendous "hit"), an invisible orchestra of one hundred pieces played Beethoven's Heroic Symphony with thrilling effect, a good-sized moon shone full upon the grass-grown stage, very skilfully arranged searchlights

gave the desired daytime illusion—in every spectacular respect the performance was simply beyond criticism. With such a setting any actress might have done much. Maude Adams, using it as a vehicle, made the greatest success of her career.

The text was based upon Anna Swanwick's English version of "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," with changes and additions made by George Sylvester Viereck and such condensations and adaptations as the exigencies of the occasion seemed to demand. Instead of Schiller's prologue came the "Act I," designated on the program as "Domremy"; Schiller's first act became "Act II," called "Chinon"; his second and third acts were combined in the "Act III," called "A Plain Near Rheims," while his fourth and fifth acts were respectively Act. IV and Act V of Miss Adam's version, and depicted first "The Coronation," and later "The Battlefield." In all essentials, therefore, Schiller's play was faithfully presented; and that the Stadium production was actually its first performance anywhere in this country only goes to show how much there is of good material which our managers constantly overlook. For, as a drama in which history and fiction play equal parts, there are few works to rival this one.

Having seen Miss Adams give "Joan" as a spectacle, every one is now very anxious to see her give it as a play. Her frail figure and her chaste, illuminated face are singularly well-fitted to present the illusion of this lowly maid who, in Schiller's version,

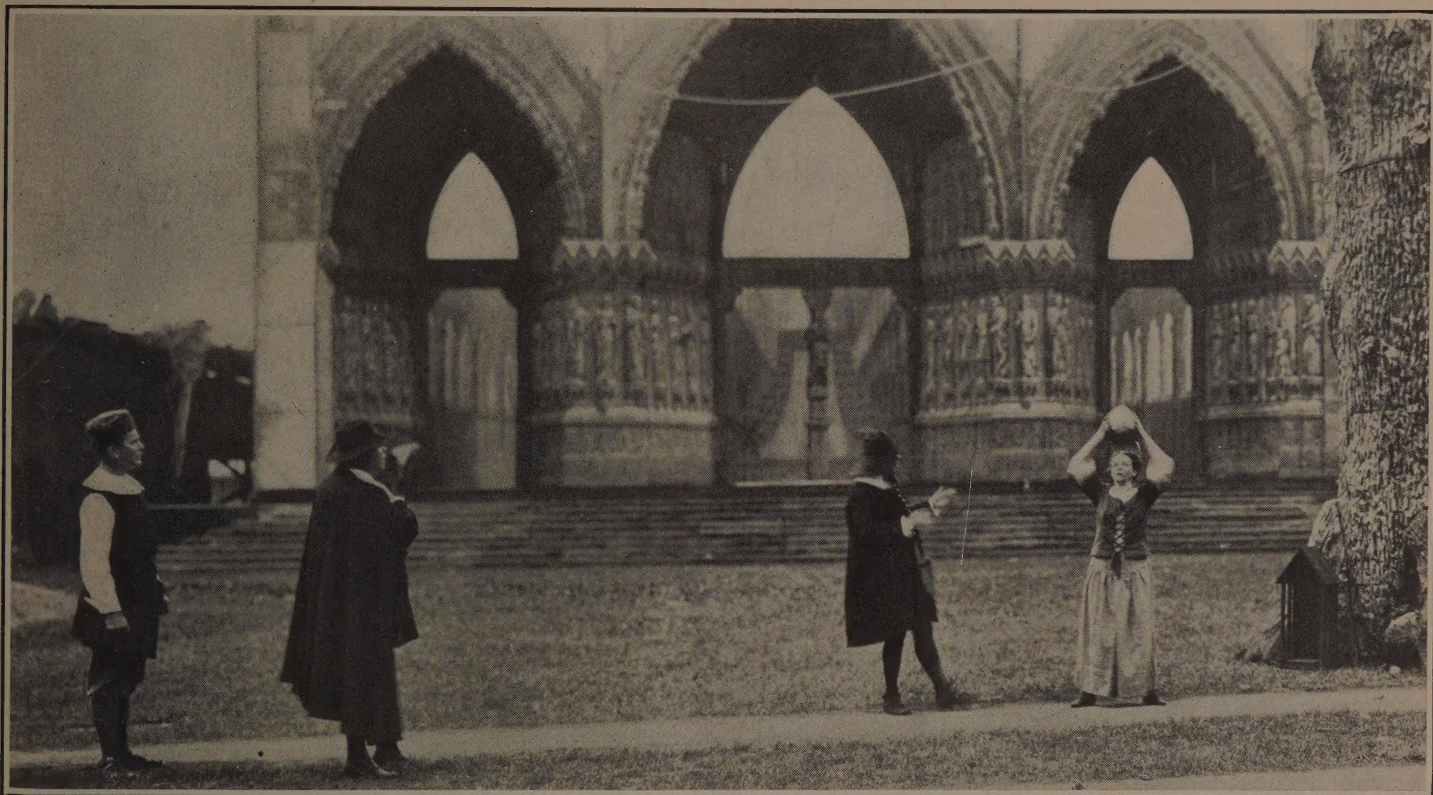


ACT IV. THE CORONATION PROCESSIONAL ENTERING THE CATHEDRAL AT RHEIMS

is really appointed of God to save the nation and the King. That Miss Adams could make that overwhelming throng of people at the Stadium feel at all the significance of her "Joan" is evidence that, under normal conditions, she could carry audiences quite off their feet with enthusiasm for her work in the part. Her entrance to the "down stage" of the grassy plain, with its solitary great tree and its flock of grazing sheep, involved a walk of more than an eighth of a mile. Yet to all those thousands of people this woman, with the gait of a peasant, clad in the homely blue skirt of the well-known picture of Bastien-Lepage, was a creature fraught with tremendous possibilities, as she made that long, slow entrance. And, while the minor actors came and went and spoke their lines, that inspired, portentous figure held the

cherish her. Then comes the news that she is needed by the troops, and instantly thrusting aside all thought of human happiness, she cried in an ecstasy of joy and self-sacrifice, "Battle and tumult, now my soul is free!" What thunders of applause greeted that exit! To feel the mighty volume of it, to have had a chance to contribute to it, was worth many such dull *quarts d'heures* as had been inevitably spent listening for dialogue one could not hear, craning one's neck to watch the process of an act one could not possibly see.

The processional march preceding the coronation of the king in Act IV occupied a full half-hour. Fortunately this part of the program was visible to every one, though it was obviously a serious oversight to allow the entire audience on the right to look



ACT III. A PLAIN NEAR RHEIMS. JOAN (MAUDE ADAMS), STANDING NEAR THE TREE WITH ARMS UPLIFTED, CRIES: "GIVE ME THE HELMET!"

stage. Hundreds who could not see her, because of the interposing tree, felt her. What better tribute than that could there be to her command of the part? Then came her opening lines, exquisitely modulated yet distinctly audible in every part of the vast auditorium. For now it was the maiden sent by heaven to free her country and enthrone her king who spoke. In quieter moods this maiden was necessarily inaudible to many; no woman can so reply to the endearments of her lover or so voice the upbraidings of her own oversensitive conscience that fifteen thousand people in the open air may hear her words. The audience was very patient, however, when it could not hear and very responsive when it could. To her cry, "Give me the helmet!" at that moment when the full realization of what her life was for burst dazzling upon Joan's consciousness, there came such a response in applause as no actress has ever before elicited from an American audience. Other notes of exaltation were struck during the nearly four hours which the play consumed, but that was by all means the finest. It was not even exceeded by the thrill which went through the house when, at the opening of Act IV, The Anointed One came in riding upon her magnificent white horse, and followed by the most wonderful "mob" in the history of the American stage.

Spectacle and drama were most happily wed in the climax to the scene on the plain near Rheims. Joan had now for some time been merely the faltering woman, longing, in spite of the prickings of her conscience, to give herself without reservation to the man who is pleading so tenderly for the right to love and

behind the scenes, and so to know that the Mass in the Cathedral consisted of nothing more than a crowd of choir boys directed by a man in shirt-sleeves. To those on the other side, however—the side with the hill down which Miss Adams entered on all occasions, it must have been stirring indeed to witness that tremendous line of soldiers, civilians, priests, monks, choir-boys, acolytes and village children pouring into the high cathedral to help consecrate the king of France.

But as the play had opened in low tone, so it closed. Schiller had a poet's keen sensitiveness to the fit and the beautiful, and his Joan falls at the moment of surpassing victory. Impressive, indeed, were those dumb seconds during which the French army was sadly realizing at what enormous cost it had won the day. Then, slowly, tenderly, the fragile body of the maid was lifted to the shoulders of her devoted squires, and, at the head of a sorrowing procession, in which her riderless white horse made no unimportant figure, she vanished from the scene.

The list of players who contributed with Miss Adams to this epoch-making performance follows for the sake of record:

Charles the Seventh.....	Dallas Anderson	An English Herald.....	Francis Shannon
Queen Isabeau.....	Dorothy Dorr	A Squire.....	Richard Garrick
Agnes Sorel.....	Beatrice Agnew	Thibaut d'Arc.....	Louis Massen
Philip the Good.....	Wilfred North	Margot.....	Lillian Spencer
Earl Dunois.....	E. Hales	Louison.....	Laura Stanley
La Hire.....	Lumsden Hare	Joan.....	Maude Adams
Du Chatel.....	Frank Burbeck	Etienne.....	Edward Morrissey
Archbishop of Rheims.....	G. von Seyffertitz	Claude Marie.....	Edward Lewers
Raoul.....	J. Malcolm Dunn	Raimond.....	David Torrence
Talbot.....	R. Peyton Carter	Bertrand.....	Frederick Tyler
Lionel.....	Martin Sabine	App'tion of a B'k Knight.....	G. von Seyffertitz
Councillor of Orleans.....	F. B. Hersome	Charcoal Burner.....	Wallace Jackson

John Westley—an Unconventional Juvenile Actor

THE impersonators of dashing young fellows with all the *matinée*-idolized virtues would constitute a regiment, but the interpreters of headstrong, rebellious youth, with its misunderstood aspirations, hopes, fears, affections, its laughable assumptions of worldliness, its appealing boyishness and inherent worth, are few. Among these rare ones the public discovered John Westley, when three years ago he originated "Clem," the restless, sulky, but essentially affectionate and manly, older brother of "The Three of Us." The opportunity had found him ready, the rigorous training of a wide range in stock and traveling companies standing him in good stead.

John Westley is a New Yorker, of a family which has never been connected with the theatre, and the thought of it did not even occur to him until, obeying a sudden impulse, he applied for a position in "The White Heather" company. The next day found him on the stage and his career settled, although at first it promised to be of short duration, for after six weeks of rehearsals came an impetuous disagreement with the stage manager. On leaving High School some two years before this, his soaring ambition had been to write, but his literary career soon became a disastrous attempt to write short stories, and its only legacy, a book on India, still unfinished. A prosaic position as bookkeeper came next. For a year the indulgent relative who employed him suffered from his passion "for reading books and letting the other fellow keep them," and then his commercial career came to an end. Then the impulse to try the stage. That was a little more than ten years ago, and led to other chances in small parts. Greater opportunities came. Making the most of each, his march toward stardom has been one of inevitable progression.

Several seasons of small parts with Julia Marlowe, Maude Adams, Richard Mansfield and others led to his first rôle of any importance, Tom Weatherby in "Because She Loved Him So." Stock companies claimed him next, and their invaluable training was followed by a season as the young officer in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," or in "The Man on the Box," with excursions into summer stock; and then in 1906 as Clem McChesney, John Westley, like the boy he portrayed, found himself. He played the rôle for a little more than two seasons, but his luck did not continue, and two plays in four years have been followed by eight plays in a little more than one year. The few weeks in "Fifty Miles from Boston," followed by one week in "Falling Leaves," and hardly longer in "Father and Son," "The Struggle," the "Vampire," and the try-outs last spring of "The Family," "For a Woman" and "The Upstart," have meant to him chiefly opportunities for growth, and each has brought him nearer the goal of every actor's ambition.

It is in the title rôle of "The Upstart" that this goal will prob-

ably be reached, a part in which he does delicious comedy work as a bumptious, intolerant, blatantly aggressive theorist, fresh from college. To point his satire the author has somewhat exaggerated, but Mr. Westley pitches the interpretation in the right key, and plays it with such brilliancy and verve, in such a vein of high comedy, that the result is a genuine creation, worthy of an enduring place in one's gallery of stage memories.

Broadway will see him first in September as the son in "The Family," a knowing young chap, whose rather complex character affords Mr. Westley just the opportunity in which he delights. Both of these plays will be reviewed so soon in these columns that extended comment is superfluous. Suffice it to say that they mark very definite advances in this young actor's work.

The elements of John Westley's art are an enduring buoyancy of youth, keen intelligence, quick sympathy in the analysis of character, a splendid technique, and physical attributes which make his representations of very young men vividly realistic. He is of medium height, lithe, quick and impetuous in speech and action, with a boyish frankness of manner and a face remarkably sensitive to changes of expression. He has the wide mouth and flexible lips of the born actor, brown eyes which tell of feeling and depth, a broad, square forehead, and hands which tell of nervous force. Nor should one omit mention of a voice responsive to every demand upon it, nor of his perfect enunciation—two essentials the young actor so often disastrously neglects.

Mr. Westley's success has been in the interpretation of the development of unformed character, either in weakness or strength, in subtle analysis of motives, in convincing and appealing portrayals of such young and restless souls as Clem, the Imp in "When We Were Twen-

ty-one," Ray in "Falling Leaves," David in "The Family," Coventry in "The Upstart." His appearance is so youthful, his art so apparently spontaneous, that it is not until one begins to differentiate his impersonations from the conventional juvenile actor's that one realizes how truly they are creations, how, visualized first from within, the character projects onto the screen of the stage a vital character, calling to aid in his task all that a magnetic personality, a flexible voice and sound technique can afford.

Mr. Westley's career on the stage is worth watching. He is not a mere tailor-made hero, as are too many of our young leading men. He is too much of an artist to be content with impersonating himself. Like Guy Bates Post, Richard Bennett, and a few other intelligent players, he will be satisfied with nothing short of a virile, original creation. He will ever submerge his own personality into that of the character he is called upon to play. Some actors regard this as a policy fatal to their best interests, but none of them venture to go so far as to deny that it is good art.

HETTIE GRAY BAKER.



Moffett

JOHN WESTLEY

Who created Clem in "The Three of Us," the poet in "The Vampire," and many other juvenile rôles. Mr. Westley will play David in "The Family" in New York next month under Henry Miller's management, and later will probably be starred in "The Upstart" by Thomas Barry



COLONEL CYRIL EGERTON is apparently in good health, but he has curious twinges of pain, and so consults the great specialist, Dr. Roden, who tells him that he cannot live for more than a year at the most. Thereupon Egerton, hearing that death will come in the form of a gradual degeneration of mind and body, states that he will put an end to himself at once. Privately, the doctor, a materialist, believes that every man may do as he will with his own life, but this does not prevent him seeking to persuade the Colonel that it is his duty to go on till the end. He is aided in this by his brother, the Rev. Samuel Roden. Under the argument of these two, Egerton promises to see things through to the end, however bitter the end may be. Incidentally it is stated that in only one case of this illness has there been a cure, and that was caused by great shock. The two Rodens are about to leave England for a tour in Egypt, and they persuade Colonel Egerton to accompany them. Aboard a Nile tourist-steamers the Colonel falls in love with Sadie Adams. He, knowing the state of his health, dare not



avow his love. She, not knowing, cannot understand the strangeness of his attitude. There comes a day (the play is set in 1894) when the party aboard the steamer go for an excursion to the Abousir Rock, though some of them know full well the risk they run. They have reached the top of the rock and are admiring the view when they are attacked by Arabs. Egerton is knocked on the head, and the rest of the party are taken prisoners. The Colonel has just strength to wave a signal to the troops he hopes are coming to the rescue, but he cannot see, and then falls insensible. The prisoners are marched into the desert, and are halted on an oasis. Colonel Egerton follows their tracks, and joins them. They are given a chance of life on condition that they swear belief in the Koran. This all refuse to do, and they are facing death for the second time when a rescue party arrives. At the same time, by an ingenious piece of stage business, it is proved that the shock has cured the Colonel. Thus all pass through the Fires of Fate and emerge cleansed, proving that everything in this world makes for good.



From Sketch, London

(1) Colonel Egerton consults Dr. Roden and learns that he has but a few months to live. (2) The tourists looking at the views from the Abousir Rock. (3) The tourists are attacked and Col. Egerton receives a blow on the head. (4) The tourists refuse to swear belief in the Koran. (5) Rescued at the eleventh hour

Scenes in Conan Doyle's Play, "Fires of Fate," Which Charles Frohman Will Present Here Next Season

Leo Slezak—a Phenomenal Tenor

THIS coming winter there will be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House a new tenor, Leo Slezak, whose fame rivals that of Caruso and all the other great male singers of the world. Slezak has never visited America, but he has appeared in every European capital, and been hailed everywhere as an operatic star of exceptional brilliance.



LEO SLEZAK

Famous Viennese tenor engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House

His vocal powers are nothing short of astounding. He comes from that famous operatic centre, Vienna, an engagement at whose Opera House is probably more coveted than at any other theatre on the Continent. Not only is its artistic standard very high, but the salaries paid are very large. After long being one of the pillars of the Royal Opera House of Vienna, where he has ranked among the great singers of our time, he has been heard again this spring at Covent Garden, London, where he has repeated his triumphs. His début in New York will take place in November.

Slezak was born in August, 1874, in Schönberg, and such musical ability did he early show that at twenty-two he was well known as an opera singer in both Austria and Germany. His first great success was in "Lohengrin," which he sang as "guest" at Berlin, the result being a contract for several years at the Royal Opera there. From Berlin he went to Breslau, and later made an extensive tour throughout Germany, everywhere meeting with extraordinary success. In 1900 he appeared at Covent Garden, London, singing German rôles, and the following year he went to Vienna. This spring season brought him once more to London.

A year ago Slezak suddenly left Vienna, refused all engagements and betook himself to Paris, where he remained—save for a few concerts in Vienna and elsewhere—until he came to Covent Garden. During this stay in the French capital he worked hard under Jean de Reszké, and changed almost entirely his method of voice production. Critics in London have been unanimous in the verdict that the improvement has been remarkable. His *reentrée* was made as Otello in Verdi's opera, and many reviewers pronounce his the greatest impersonation since Tamagno, who was the most famous of modern Otellos.

Slezak's voice is very powerful, of beautiful quality and capable of expressing the most varied emotions, while the singer is also an excellent actor and adept in the art of costuming and make-up. He made an unusually handsome Moor.

The writer's first impression, as he came forward to greet his visitor in the drawing room of the quietly located apartment which he occupies in London for the season, was of his great height. He is six feet three, broad-shouldered and well-developed in proportion—a veritable blonde giant. Affable and courteous, he has won the admiration and good will of all the other artists of Covent Garden. He speaks a variety of languages, including French, German, Polish, Italian, and some English, and said

laughingly that his lessons with M. de Reszké were carried on in any of the four former, and even others, for "the de Reszké house is a polyglot one," he smiled. He is an enthusiastic admirer of de Reszké.

The London climate having been unusually trying this spring, it has given the tenor some trouble, and he admitted that he had a dread of the New York winter, of which he had heard sad tales. He was relieved to learn that in November, when he will make his New York début as Otello, he might reasonably expect not too unpleasant weather.

At the Metropolitan he will also be heard as Manrico in "Il Trovatore," Walter in "Die Meistersinger," "Raoul in "The Huguenots," Tannhäuser, with other rôles to be decided upon later. Among his repertoire are the leading tenor rôles in works of such varied character as Massenet's *Manon*, Gounod's "Romeo and Juliette," "Louise," "La Bohème," "Cavalleria Rusticana," etc.

"Is there a probability that you will sing Siegfried?" I asked.

"Oh, no," was the prompt and positive reply. "I have sung the rôle, but have no intention of singing it again. I consider those Wagnerian rôles very hard on the voice, and have no wish to sing them. I greatly prefer the Italian operas. There is no language like Italian for singing."

Herr Slezak's wife before her marriage was a singer, but since then has retired from the stage. They have two children, Grete, and an attractive little boy, Walther; but his wife and children are in Austria at their home, and may or may not accompany him to New York.

Before the close of the season Herr Slezak will probably appear as Raoul in "The Huguenots," and will create the tenor rôle in Baron Erlanger's opera, "Tess," one of the novelties promised and now in preparation.

Caruso's voice is said to be so much improved that Director Gatti-Casazza has signed the tenor for three years more, the contract to follow the present one, which expires in two years. In addition to Caruso and Slezak, the tenors at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season will include Bonci, Clément, Jörn, Jadownik and Burrian, besides several tenors of the second rank. The sopranos include Mmes. Geraldine Farrar, Emmy Destinn, Lillian Nordica, Johanna Gadski, Jane Noria and Lydia Lipowska.

E. L.



LEO SLEZAK AS RAUL IN "THE HUGUENOTS"



MISS JULIE OPP

Miss Opp, who in private life is Mrs. William Faversham, will have an important part in her husband's production of Stephen Phillips' "Herod" next season. Miss Opp will be seen as Mariamne, queen and wife of Herod. When Sir Beerbohm Tree presented the play in October, 1890, Miss Maud Jeffries, an American girl, was seen in this rôle



Sarony
VIRGINIA STAUNTON
 Who has been seen with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and other productions



Sarony
KATHERINE EMMET
 Leading woman in "The Bridge" with Guy Bates Post



Sarony
IVY TROUTMAN
 Has been appearing as Frances Berkeley in "Father and the Boys" with William H. Crane

Actors and Their Stage Clothes

IT was not a likely looking place for ghosts. Just a low-browed, second-hand clothing store in a populous neighborhood, with a shirt-sleeved tailor doing repair work in the window, and two young men discussing baseball and politics on the sidewalk. Several rakish sack coats swung idly from hooks fastened to the awning side by side with trousers of obtrusive pattern, which might have belonged to the coats, and which flapped and kicked at passers-by, as if to drive them into the store and make customers of them before they could escape.

"Theatrical costumes?" says one of the sidewalk debaters, echoing your query. "Sure! We have a hundred thousand of them. What do you want? Shakespeare, modern drama, musical comedy, opera, burlesque, vaudeville? We can fit you out for any of them. Our firm has been in existence seventy years, and we have everything in the line of stage wear that you can name."

The speaker is Samuel, one of the three sons of Louis Guttenberg, who died some years ago, and left his flourishing business to his widow and three boys, Samuel, William and Michael. Samuel drops baseball and politics for the time being, and is only the alert merchant, in whom the commercial instinct of his race dominates all other sentiment. Not that he is devoid of artistic appreciation. There is a reverent note in his voice as he goes over the names of the departed stars whose wardrobes are on shelves and packed away in wide drawers in his rambling shop and mysterious cellar.

But the ghosts? Let Samuel introduce them.

"Here," he says, opening a drawer, from which arose a strong smell of sulphur, "is the entire wardrobe of——"

"Get off your foot, put a rose in your hair and let me roll

along," interrupts a once familiar voice, broken by a curious little chuckle, as a jolly round face, with twinkling eyes, peers mistily through the shadows.

"Pete Dailey!" you ejaculate, with conviction.

"Sure!" responds Samuel, holding up a green satin coat, with fancy buttons and ornamental pockets. "This coat belonged to him. He wore it in the last piece he played in at 'Weber's. Look! here is his name inside the collar, 'Peter F. Dailey.' I got all his stage clothes. They are as good as new, too."

One by one the brilliant-hued garments which used to encase the rotund comedian when he made love to Lillian Russell, or exchange badinage with Charlie Ross and David Warfield on the Weber & Fields stage, are held up for inspection in the dim light of the shop, and if Pete Dailey is not actually in them, he seems to be.

"What's that back there?" you demand, as Pete vanishes with the closing of his drawer. "Edwin Booth——"

"Sure! We have a lot of Booth's stuff; Lawrence Barrett's, too. I'll show you."

Edwin Booth, diabolically handsome, strides forward in the well-remembered drab doublet, with slashed sleeves, of Iago, and there seems to come a mocking voice, singing, "And let me the canakin clink, clink." But the song dies away as Lawrence Barrett, in the red robes of Richelieu, glares about him with those deep-set, fathomless eyes, and raises his hand imperiously. Are we to hear again the tremendous curse that thrilled so many thousands in his lifetime? No. They are only ghosts, and back to their sulphurous graves on the shelves they go, to sleep there again with their splendid memories.



Photo White, N. Y.

LAURA NELSON HALL

This interesting young actress, who made one of the big hits of the past season as the courtesan in "The Easiest Way," will be starred next season, under the management of Messrs. Brooks and Dingwall, in a play called "The Sins of Society." Miss Hall was born in Philadelphia and made her first appearance on the stage in 1897 with the Grand Avenue Stock Company. Next she was seen in a small part in "The Moth and the Flame," and after that Augustin Daly engaged her for "The Great Ruby." Later she returned to stock work. She first attracted attention in New York when she was seen in 1906-07 as Rhy MacChesney in "The Three of Us." Later she was seen as Pamela in "Girls" at Daly's.



Photo Chickering Guy Bates Post Katharine Emmet
JOHN STODDARD, THE "BRIDGE BUILDER," AND JANET VAN NEST
IN THE FINAL SCENE OF "THE BRIDGE"

"They all come to us," explains Samuel Guttenberg. "You can't name a big actor or actress in the last seventy years whose wardrobe, wholly or in part, is not in our place. We have at least a hundred thousand costumes, and our system is so good that we can put our hands on any one of them on the instant."

"A hundred thousand costumes? Why, originally they must have cost——"

"Not less than a million dollars," says Samuel. "That would be only ten dollars apiece, and most of them cost much more than that. Many of the costumes we get are practically new—like those of Peter F. Dailey, for instance. You see, it's like this: Actors nowadays don't get up a big wardrobe as they used to do twenty or twenty-five years ago. They don't need it. Most plays call for modern dress, and the clothes must always be new and up-to-date. So, in plays of that kind, the actor wears his suits on the stage as long as they'll pass muster with the stage manager, and then takes them for the street, buying new ones for the stage."

"But suppose he gets into a play calling for fancy costume?"

"Then he comes to us," was the prompt reply. "Why, we dress nine out of ten romantic dramas. Take Richard Mansfield. We have nearly all his stuff. Here it is."

The drawer is opened in the shadowy perspective, and forth steps a stiff figure in-tight trousers, cutaway coat of a bygone style, frilled white shirt, fob and immense bell-crown hat.

"Beau Brummel!" you breathe, awe-stricken. "Mansfield!"

The ghost swings his silver-headed cane, with its quaint dangling tassel, and you fancy you hear him graciously tell his nephew that, because he has done the right thing in some respect (you cannot exactly remember what), "You shall come and see me have my coat put on."

"We have his 'Beau Brummel' and 'Richard' stuff, you see," remarks Samuel. "We had all his 'Ivan the Terrible' costumes, but W. A. Brady took those for his production of 'King John' last season."

"Sacrilege!" hisses Beau Brummel. "I've killed a costumer for less than that."

Samuel does not hear this, and he lifts from the drawer some dingy-looking things and observes that they belonged to "Peer Gynt," Mr. Mansfield's last production.

"And a great production it was. But nothing to what I would have shown them if I'd remained on the stage," comes from Beau Brummel, as he disappears.

You believe this from the bottom of your soul, but Samuel either did not hear the Beau speak or he is used to such declarations, for he makes no comment. Besides, he is busy. He draws from a bureau in an out-of-the-way corner a miscellaneous collection of "super" wardrobe, and remarks that he can fit out a "mob" better than any other man in the business.

There is again that odor of brimstone, noticeable every time a costume is disturbed, unpleasantly suggestive of the ultimate destination of the dead actor who used to wear it. But Samuel explains that everything in the warehouse is packed in sulphur, to keep out the moths. You are relieved, and are about to say so, when the deep voices of quarreling men rumble along a narrow aisle between the piled-up shelves, where Samuel is bringing out the tunic and Scottish bonnet of Macbeth, which he lays down by the side of the royal robes of King Lear.

"That King Lear stuff belonged to Macready," he tells you. "You've heard of him? The English said he was the greatest Lear ever on the stage."

"Damnation, sir!" suddenly roars one of the quarreling voices. "Macready may have *played* Lear. But *I—I am* Lear!"

There is no mistaking either the voice or the emphatic assertion. It is perhaps well for Samuel that only the *ghost* of Edwin Forrest is raging in that small space. The shade of Macready seems to sneer, but before the two ancient rivals can clash, Samuel has replaced on the shelves the clothes they once wore, and they go back to invisibility—perhaps to join the dead-and-gone partisans who rioted about the old theatre in Astor Place, with Macready, as Macbeth, the centre of the storm zone. (Continued on page viii)



Photo Chickering

Guy Bates Post

ACT II. JOHN STODDARD (MR. POST) QUELLS THE DISAFFECTED STRIKERS



Photo Chickering

Mrs. Suydam (Leila Repton)

John Stoddard (Guy Bates Post)

The Capitalist (W. R. Hatch)

ACT IV. JOHN STODDARD TELLS MRS. SUYDAM THAT BIRTH AND RICHES ARE NOT ALL

SCENES IN "THE BRIDGE," NEW PLAY BY RUPERT HUGHES TO BE SEEN AT THE MAJESTIC IN SEPTEMBER

"The Bridge" deals with the sham of class distinction in this country and illustrates the spanning of the social gulf that sometimes lies between our pseudo-aristocracy and the people who are doing things. Incidentally it touches in a new way upon certain phases of the capital and labor conflict. It contains a novelty in a scene that represents an enormous cantilever bridge in process of construction, with a realistic representation of the various details of the incidental work



Mrs. Fiske

Mme. Duse

Mary Shaw

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Mme. Nazimova

It is interesting to note that these well-known actresses, whose greatest stage triumphs have been in Ibsen rôles, possess in common many striking characteristics of the typical Ibsen woman. Each has the intellectual, soul-inspired face of the idealist, suggesting self-denial and self-introspection and a thoughtful mind ever dominated by a brooding note of sorrow

Henrik Ibsen and the Women of His Dramas

THE final words of the great drama upon which rests the immortality of Goethe are the keynote to the works of Ibsen. He has created the types that verify those words. He is the poet prophet of the Eternal Feminine, not in the accepted sense of the word, which has made it a platitude, but of that Eternal Feminine which stands for idealism, seeking spiritual values in material life.

Of all the poets of our time, Ibsen is the one most concerned for the spiritual welfare of the race. He is also the one least interested in sexual life. Physiology, in one instance, only enters into the chain of causes and effects which determine the actions of his characters. In the life of his women especially, he recognizes the fact that the range of their thoughts and their feelings extends beyond the world of the mating and the maternal instinct. His conception of womanhood is not bounded by maternity, nor is his conception of motherhood limited to physical function and physical offspring. From his isolated seat in the vast theatre of life he has seen women with an ideal mothering faculty, who had never known motherhood; he has also seen women exquisitely feminine but without a trace of motherliness; nor did he fail to see women whose essential qualities were not feminine as such, and who were still far from sexless. All these types with their manifold gradations were known to him, and he portrayed them in his works. They form a procession of characters of such endless variety as no other poet has presented, yet they are homogeneous, for below the Eternal Feminine he saw in every woman the Eternal Human.

Even in his earlier dramas, where the characters are indigenous to the Norse soil and to the heroic period of the plot, and are therefore bound by many conventions, he does not narrowly discriminate between the sexes, but admits the latent possibilities of women. When Hjordis in "The Vikings of Helgeland" exclaims "What is not possible for women!" she opens vistas into the future. In her desire for power and her unscrupulous egotism she is a sort of primeval Rebecca West. Were it possible to lay bare all the threads that run through his works from first to last, one might find in Fru Inger of Oestrot and in the Margit and Signe of "The Feast of Solhaug" embryonic prototypes of his later characters.

There is in the plays of Ibsen not one passage in which he indulges in reflections about the place and the mission of woman.

He is not a dispenser of generalizations draped in the cloak of philosophy. But it is not difficult to see that foremost among his highly individualized types is always the mother-woman, ministering, consoling, soothing; he portrays her in all the glory of her power. For even the strongest man is but the child of weak woman, is always her child to be mothered by her even in the hour of death. From the heights of their imaginary superiority to human relations, Ibsen leads even his supermen back to the homely hut, where life is born of the love of woman. To the woman he had once deserted Peer Gynt returns after the dismal wreck of his selfish dream-life, calls her mother, and like a child nestles in her arms. Forgiving the prodigal, Solveig sings him to that sleep which is to bring eternal rest to the ever restless. Brand the fanatic, who has forced his wife into a course of cruel self-immolation, at the defection of his ideal also longs for Agnes and the child he had sacrificed in his blindness. The tender pathos of the character of Solveig, taking back in her old age the lover of her youth, and of Agnes renouncing everything for Brand's ideal claim, yet treasuring each of the dead things that were once her child's, has not been equaled by any modern writer.

Even in his dramas of modern society there are many splendid examples of this mother-woman, almost saintly in her power of self-denial. Lona Hessel in "The Pillars of Society" undoing the evil wrought by Bernick, whose selfishness had plunged into silently-borne misery all his relatives; Christina in "The Doll's House," who had sacrificed youth and love to her family, and when her service is needed no longer is unhappy, because she has no one to work for; Frau Alving in "Ghosts," hiding from the offspring of her wretched marriage the depravity of his father; Thea in "Hedda Gabler," who had given up reputation and care-free existence to her love for Loevborg and his work; Ella Rentheim, in "John Gabriel Borkmann," who, when he has denied his love for her from selfish motives,

transfers her affection to the son born to him by her sister; Irene in "When We Dead Awake," who had abandoned her home and her loved ones faithfully to serve Rubek the sculptor—all these are types of the mother-woman.

As in his dramas, Ibsen often shows the woman-soul inspiring, encouraging, leading man towards a cherished goal, so he himself did not disdain to accept suggestions from woman. One of his



FRU HENNINGS

The first actress to act the rôle of Nora in "A Doll's House." Ibsen himself selected her as typical of his heroine

earliest modern plays, "The Comedy of Love," owes much of its spirit to a story by Camilla Collet, an advanced woman of Norway. Yet Ibsen was not blind to woman's failings and shortcomings. He met types where the innate instincts had been perverted, the fundamental faculties dwarfed. Hedda Gabler is an example, so is Frau Solness. For this woman, of whom the husband says that she, too, had a gift for building little children's souls, so they would develop into beautiful human souls, mourns as much for her dolls as for the real children she had lost. What a significant allusion to the doll-play into which woman's life so often degenerates! But while Ibsen acknowledged all these aberrations, he also recognized their source. He understood woman as she is, because he knew what she might be. Moreover, he judged her not as woman, but as a human being. Therein lies the essential difference between his conception of woman and that of other writers. He knew that women, like men, were good and bad, but never all good or all bad, for then they would not be human. As he portrayed them with all the minute shades and variations of character, his fine individualism made them appear as new types; and when he voiced the right of women to develop an individuality and to live according to her individual nature, he was proclaimed and condemned as the protagonist of the "new woman."

Nevertheless Ibsen was no feminist in the sense of a champion of woman's emancipation. He was neither a theorist nor a propagandist; nor was he a philosopher whose thoughts ran in prescribed grooves and ended in abstract formulas. He was simply a deep, far-sighted thinker, who embodied the results of his observations and experiences in dramatic form. Life itself suggested his portraits of woman and prompted him to picture the conflicts peculiar to their individual character and their relations to society.

Nor are his conclusions drawn solely from characters of his time and therefore limited in their application. It is interesting to trace the relation of Ibsen's "new" woman to women of remote times. There is a scene in "Julius Caesar" where Portia says to Brutus:

"Am I yourself
But as it were in sort of limitation
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife."

So spoke a woman of ancient Rome in the language of the Elizabethan master. Three hundred years later a modern woman expressed the same sentiment in the language of the Norwegian master. When the news of the great financial calamity, which has been kept from her, is finally broken to Selma in "The League of Youth," she bursts out, not with the classical dignity of the Roman matron, but with equal sincerity:

"Oh, how you have ill treated me! I was always to take, never to give. . . . Never did you ask a sacrifice from me. I was not good enough to bear the slightest burden. How I longed for a drop of your troubles. But when I begged to share them, I was silenced with a light joke. You dressed me like a doll, you played with me as with a child. Oh, how gladly I should have borne the heaviest sorrow. . . . Now that Eric has nothing I am good enough. But I will not be the last to be appealed to. Now I won't share your troubles."

The scene comes as a surprise to the audience. The passionate petulance of the young woman justifies the remark of the men in the play, who say that she must be beside herself. But when one of them asks whether her actions can have any meaning, the sister-in-law replies, "Oh, yes, now I see it; there is meaning in it."

Ten years later Ibsen made clear the meaning of Selma's amazing conduct in a new play. He had accumulated enough evidence from actual experience to challenge society for bringing up and treating women as minors, and holding them responsible for the consequences. A woman had confessed to him some trouble with her husband; he learned that she had kept from him financial difficulties, that she had obtained by forgery money to indulge her

taste for luxury. This commonplace domestic drama deeply impressed him, and in the crucible of his creative genius was converted into the tragedy of woman, brought up as a minor, yet judged as a responsible human being. He wrote his "Nora, or The Doll's House."

The play appeared at a time when the undigested philosophy of Nietzsche had crystallized in the receptive brain of his followers into the gospel of the ego. The intellectual atmosphere of Europe was also charged with controversy about the woman's question. These two factors were instrumental in creating the fiction, that Nora stood for the "new" woman, wilfully breaking home ties to "realize herself." It cannot be denied that the progeny of Nora in the fiction and the drama of the period became alarmingly numerous. Ibsen was branded as the arch-fiend of society. Through this interpretation of his Nora, he has never received due credit for the great lesson of responsibility which the play conveys. He had brooded much upon this problem. Differentiating between duty and responsibility he showed that the duties performed by Selma and Nora in their respective households had nothing in common with the responsibility which makes of man or woman a conscious active force, a power for good. For duties can be exacted from, and fulfilled, by minors and imbeciles; but responsibility is voluntarily and consciously

assumed by an adult and rational human being, regardless of sex. This was the revolutionary lesson of Nora. Not the craving for "freedom from duties," but a strong desire to mature into an understanding of responsibilities, induced Nora to leave husband and children. For this maturity is not to be attained in a doll's house; it comes to those who in contact with real life have a reasonable share in the struggle for existence.

In his earlier plays Ibsen sometimes indulged in general reflections, keenly satirical, as when the rascally Bernick in "The Pillars of Society" says of his maiden sister: "Of course, she lives with us, and eats at our table; her salary is quite enough for her dress, and what more can a single woman want?" Or, in the same scene, where he remarks: "People should not think of themselves first, and women least of all." Later he conveys his feelings without formulating it in a quotable phrase; but there is an instance in "John Gabriel Borkmann" where he forcibly brings home to us the grim irony of the situation, when the hero, who has been as unscrupulous as Bernick in sacrificing to his selfish ambition the happiness of the women in his family, says to his faithful friend and servant Foldal: "Oh, these women! They spoil our lives and derail them. They muddle our fate and all our triumphant course."

Far more frequent and impressive are those passages, where by a few brief words of ordinary conversation he throws a flashlight upon an individual domestic crisis and illumines the remotest corners of the social structure. Such passages are the one in "Ghosts," where the pastor, indignant at Regina's parentage, exclaims: "Think of it—for measly three hundred dollars to go and marry a fallen woman," and Frau Alving replies: "And what do you say of me who went and married a fallen man?" There are



Photo Gertrude Kasebier

CARLOTTA NILLSON

A well-known American actress who first gained marked success as Mrs. Elvsted in "Hedda Gabler," and whose repressed yet intense method is characteristic of the typical Ibsen woman

two such passages in "Nora." When Helmer says: "No man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves," Nora replies: "Millions of women have done that," and when Helmer receives the letter of Krogstadt and exclaims, "I am safe, Nora, I am safe," she retorts with the question: "And I?" Such moments reveal Ibsen, the poet, in his capacity as judge. Such words are the verdict which condemns society for wrongly discriminating between men and women.

The basic problem of "The Doll's House," of "Ghosts" and of "The Lady from the Sea" is almost identically the same. Nora, Frau Alving and Ellida had not shaped their lives or chosen their mates. They had not given themselves, but had been taken. They had entered marriage with all the ignorance and inexperience of carefully reared girls. Nora, though wife and mother, as yet quite a child, full of vague anticipation, of some miracle that will prove her husband the hero of her dreams, lives as in a fool's paradise until the halo of his heroism pales and her fairy castle crumbles. Her disillusionment must be to her the downfall of her world. Frau Alving who, equally innocent, is suddenly made to realize the depths of degradation, and only by her friend's spiritual admonition is induced not to break the sacred tie, returns to her duties, and, early trained in the Christian virtue of renunciation, takes upon herself her martyrdom. Ellida, who had become the second wife of Dr. Wangel, unconscious of the true meaning of marriage, with no duties to perform in the house, where the memory of her predecessor is held sacred by the husband and his daughters, becomes a prey to a romance of the past. This is all very plainly set forth, and proves the poet's sane and unbiased standpoint.

How such conflicts can be avoided he has also suggested, although he once said that it was not his business to answer the questions he raised. "The Pillars of Society" contain the nucleus of his view of the world and the place and mission of woman therein. He recommends apprenticeship in the world as means to reach this maturity, from which women are barred in the average European home. There are some allusions to the difference between the life of European and American women in that book which unmistakably prove the poet's sympathy with the wider

range of activity, the elbow room enjoyed by the women of this country. But most significant is the scene between Johann, who had gone to America with Lona and become a man, and Dina Dorff. He has asked her to become his wife, and she hesitates to accept him until she has grown up into consciousness of herself,

and has matured into an independent individual. "But first I will work and become something for myself, just as you are; I will give myself, I will not be taken." These are her words. They are essential to an understanding of Ibsen's ideal of marriage. It is noteworthy, too, that he indulges in no glorification of Lona; when the consul, after the famous confession which she has exacted from him, gushingly exclaims: "Women are the pillars of society," she promptly corrects him: "No, —freedom and truth —they are the pillars of society." Ibsen does not eulogize woman at the expense of man. Both are to him social factors of equal importance and responsibility.

The line of thought begun in this play, and carried on in "The League of Youth" and "The Doll's House," is brought to an end in "The Lady from the Sea," which is one of the few plays of



MLLE. BARASCH
Member of the Russian Imperial Ballet in the title rôle of "Cleopatra"

Ibsen in which he offers something like a solution to the problem under consideration. Nothing short of a miracle is needed to set right a marital catastrophe such as is pictured in "The Doll's House." Helmer was to have worked this miracle — this was Nora's simple childish belief, deeply rooted in her devoted hero-worship. In Dr. Wangel Ibsen draws the man who has the power of working this miracle. Dr. Wangel, like the poet himself, is a man who neither glorifies nor condemns woman, but understands her. Relieved of all responsibilities in his house, Ellida who had come to it from a free and active life close to nature, from the lighthouse, braving the struggle of the elements, had felt as a guest in her new home. Leisure had heavily weighed upon her; the philistine atmosphere of provincial society had suffocated her, and she had given herself up to the memory of a romantic love of her youth. When the object of that affection appears before her, she decides to leave her husband, who had ever been as an alien to her. Dr. Wangel does not attempt to persuade or to force her; he says she is free to go on her own responsibility. It is the first time that she is appealed to as a mature human being. "In



Photos Bert, Paris
Mlle. Nesterosiska, another première danseuse

are four stars—Mlle. Anna Pavola, première danseuse; Mme. Baldina, Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky. Each of these is an artist of the first rank, and their success with the Parisians has been tremendous.

The Russian ballet has almost the importance of a national institution and, while modeled somewhat on the classic French ballet, it still retains the old Russian barbaric dances. It belongs per-

THE Russian season opened last month in Paris at the Théâtre du Châtelet, with tremendous *éclat*. The Russian Imperial Ballet of Moscow, which is appearing in several set dances of its repertoire, is the most remarkable organization of its kind in the world. There

at the age of thirty-seven they are retired compulsorily. They are thoroughly educated before entering the ballet, and later on require a pension according to their merits. A leading star in the imperial Russian ballet is quite a personality throughout Russia. One of the peculiarities of the Rus-



Mlle. Karsavina, in the ballet "L'Oiseau de Feu," in which she takes the title rôle

sian ballet is that star dancers, however great they may be, are never allowed to bow any acknowledgment to applause, or to take a call.

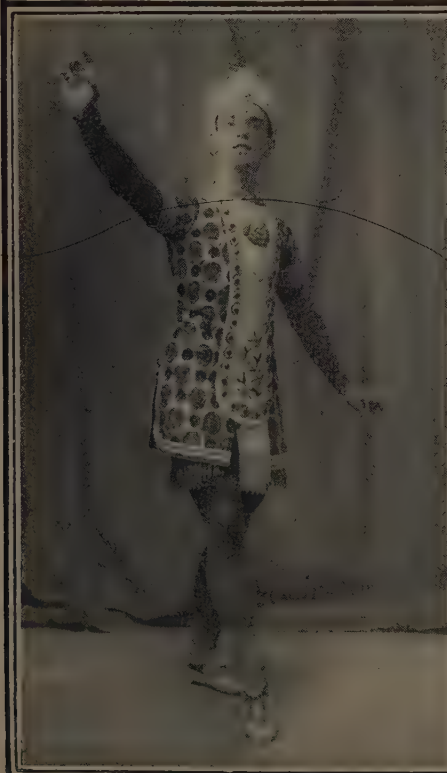
Their triumph in Paris this season has been absolutely complete. It was reported that they have been bringing \$10,000 a night into the box office of the Châtelet.

The real star of the organization, strangely enough, is not a woman, but



sonally to the Imperial Court, which expends something like \$2,500,000 a year keeping it up. The girls begin when they are about nine or ten years of age and they study until they are seventeen. They are then sent to the Palace and have to dance and act before the royal controller of the household. If they are considered perfect they at once join the ballet, but whatever their success or looks

a man—Waslaw Nijinsky. He is considered the greatest dancer in the world and is commonly alluded to as the Russian "Vestris." Nijinsky is not yet 21 years old. He was born in Warsaw in 1889. At the age of nine he entered the imperial ballet and at once attracted attention. His principal triumphs have been scored in the two ballets entitled "Pavilion d'Armide" and "Nuit de Egypt."



M. Nijinsky, probably the most famous male dancer in the world



Mlle. Karsavina, première danseuse étoile and one of the reigning beauties of St. Petersburg

Mlle. M. Vassilieva, one of the dancers whose beauty is the glory of the troupe

The Russian Imperial Ballet which Fascinated Paris



Hall

MARY RYAN

Will be seen next fall in "The Fortune Hunter," a comedy by Winchell Smith

freedom and on my own responsibility? Responsibility? That is the miracle!" With these words she turns away from the phantom of her youth, and says to her husband: "Now I can come back to you, Wangel. Now I can do it, for I come in freedom and on my own responsibility." She had been taken in marriage when a child; now that she has spiritually matured into womanhood, she gives herself. Ellida is as much a realization of what Nora might have become, if Helmer had been Wangel, as Wangel is what Ibsen would have wished Helmer to be. "The Lady from the Sea" is a reply to those whom Nora's sudden coming to maturity and womanly resolve to gain experience, to learn to adjust herself to the life outside of the doll's house, had struck as an unwomanly undertaking. It is the plainest possible demonstration of the emancipation of woman, as Ibsen saw it.

There has been a strong tendency towards calling upon symbolism for an explanation of some of the plays, and especially "The Lady from the Sea." It seems simple enough without resorting to symbolical guesswork. To those who love to tread the tortuous paths of speculation, "The Wild Duck" offers far more opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. For the wild fowl kept in the miniature game preserve on the roof of the studio garret may be woman herself; and that little garret may symbolize the narrow confines within which the life of women was once made to run its traditional course. Hedwig, the child heroine of the play, and one of the most lovable of his characters, had grown up in the atmosphere of this garret, where the weakminded grandfather indulges in childish sport, the father in hollow phrases, and the plebeian mother, aided by the girl, provides for them all. In her plain and prosy common sense she sees through the threadbare idealism of the artist poseur, but owing to her past she is glad to be his lawful wife, and makes the best of her life of drudgery. The girl, more refined, and romantically inclined, is happy in her hero-worship of the father and in her little round of menial duties. Into this garret-idyll comes an idealist fanatic of truth, informs Ekdal of his wife's antecedents, and suspicious of her paternity, the father repudiates the girl, who had so long been his idol.

The catastrophe to her parents' happiness brings to Hedwig the cruel awakening from a beautiful dream to an ugly truth. When she feels her life to be a stain upon the honor of her father, and when the idealist meddler confuses her vague and childish conception of duty by reflections upon the beauty of sacrifice, she wants to prove to her parents that she loves them more dearly than she loves her own life, and kills herself. Her worship of her father, her devotion to the home, invites comparison with Petra in "The Enemy of the People." Had Hedwig like Petra been brought up in reasonable freedom, had she had independent interests as Petra had her profession, she might have had the strength to bear the destruction of her garret dream. There is in her suicide something akin to that of Beate in "Rosmersholm." She, too, had been made to feel that she was in her husband's way, and acting upon the suggestion of a will stronger than her own, she killed herself to give Rosmer the freedom to marry Rebecca. But there is also a thread that connects Hedwig, the child-heroine of "The Wild Duck," so unsophisticated, so ignorant in the ways of the world, with Hedda Gabler, the woman of the world, so knowing as to take a cynical delight in her knowledge. Like Hedwig, under the spell of a false ideal, she takes her life, and her weapon, too, is an heirloom of the past.

But "Hedda Gabler" is the tragedy of a mature woman, and the strands whereof her fate is spun are many. An aristocrat by instinct, a Bohemian by impulse, burdened with the heritage of ancient traditions yet filled with an insatiate desire for freedom and the fulness of life, she scorns conventional respectability, but she has not the courage to break its social code. She would be a rebel, but she is a coward at heart, who has not the strength to bear consequences and to assume responsibilities. Her untrained mind mistakes license for freedom and dissipation for the fulness of life; and the contradictions of her nature work her own defecation. When, to enjoy the independence of the married woman, she has become the wife of Professor Tesman, she realizes that

Scenes in "The Follies of 1909" at the New York Roof



Act I. Bessie Clayton as the Gaiety dancer



Act II. Billie Reeves as "the bounder" and Miss Helen McMahon as the scarecrow



Act II. With Roosevelt in South Africa. Harry Kelly as Col. Roosevelt

she abhors motherhood. So selfish as to begrudge another her power for good, the beauty of sacrifice, she undoes Thea Elvsted's work, goads Loevborg to return to his life of dissipation, and when ruin stares him in the face, sends him to a beautiful death. But he fails to die as he should, the glamor of her old and honored name threatens to be dimmed by a breath of scandal, and as Tesman and Thea sit down to reconstruct the work of Loevborg, which she had burned, she suddenly becomes conscious of the whole failure of her life, and shoots herself with the pistol she had always toyed with.

This character, too, is simple enough if seen in the light of its social and intellectual environment. Hedda Gabler is the tragedy of futile effort at gaining freedom without assuming the obligations it imposes. It is the tragedy of one to whom the ideals shaping and sanctifying the lives of others are but a fascinating sport. While the suicide of Hedwig is that of an idealist, unable to bear the first breath of reality that tarnishes her idol and destroys her dream, the suicide of Hedda is that of a cynic, who has trifled with all that is worth while in life, until it has slipped away from her and leaves her bankrupt.

A judge probing into the motives of human actions, laying bare the complicated structure and processes of the human soul, Ibsen never created any type without seeing at once that it admitted of many variations. As Selma of "The League of Youth" was a prototype of Nora of "The Doll's House," and Ellida was the logical successor of both, so Hedda Gabler, in her desire for power stood between Rebecca of "Rosmersholm" and Hilda of "The Master Builder." Hedda interferes in the life of Loevborg; Rebecca attempts to shape the life of Rosmer, Hilda to direct the ambition of Solness. Both plays are doubly interesting from the fact that people the poet had known furnished the essential traits of the leading characters. Rebecca's mind was trained, her will was disciplined; there was nothing half-hearted or vague about anything she undertook. She had no fear of scandal; unlike Hedda she was ready to hear the consequences of her actions.

But even her power over herself had its limitations. She who had emancipated the mind of Rosmer from the tyranny of tradition, who consciously denied the ideals of the past, had to come under their spell. When her love for Rosmer had awakened, she had not hesitated to drive Beate to her death; but when she saw him cling to the memory of the dead wife, she herself became a slave to the Rosmer tradition. As long as they had both only their ideal aim in mind, to bring up a race of future noblemen, they escaped from the spell of the past. But when their individual claims asserted themselves, they could not return to the old or begin a new life. Their companionship, so beautiful at the beginning, such a source of inspiration and happiness to both, had to come to an end, and they themselves chose to end it, since without it their life would have been devoid of its vital interest. In

"Rosmersholm" as in "Hedda Gabler" the unscrupulous egotism of desire for power over others, brings ruin to both the one who exercises that power and the one who is its object.

The third of this type of Ibsen's women is Hilda of "The Master Builder." It is a character which has given rise to much symbolic speculation. It is not difficult to consider Hilda the impersonation of youth, reminding age of aims once cherished and promises unfulfilled. Whether it is really to be considered a confession is immaterial, since the work of every true poet is more or less a self-revelation. However we may regard it, the

heroine is undoubtedly based upon a composite type of the generation of Scandinavian women that had grown up towards the century's end; but it has also some traits derived from a young woman, a Viennese, whom the poet had met in the Tyrol in the year 1889. In the letters which they exchanged, he speaks of her as princess, as Solness does of Hilda. He alludes to a drama which will embody their experience, adding that it will end sadly. The germ from which "The Master Builder" grew is unmistakable.

Young, strong, inspired with enthusiasm for his art, Hilda comes to Solness to remind him of the promise of his youth, and in her spirited buoyancy rouses in him something like the old master courage. But Aline, the wife who has borne with him his triumphs and his failures, knows him better, knows in her heart what the young idealist Hilda cannot realize; that the master has no longer the strength to repeat his former master strokes. The speech in which Solness praises the joy "merely of being in the world," and eulogizes the wife, whose talent of building little children's souls had lacked the opportunity for fully unfolding itself, is highly significant in determining Ibsen's relation to woman. The two figures form one of the many admirable contrasts which Ibsen liked to employ, almost invariably accompanying a certain distinct type by its antithesis.

One essential feature in the work of Ibsen has never been duly recognized: that mere physical attraction plays a very unimportant part in his dramas. Unlike the poets of the present, who delight in pagan pæans upon the joys of the senses, Ibsen's streak of Scotch ancestry manifests itself in an almost Puritan disregard for the sensual side of life. He is less concerned with the welfare of the flesh than with the salvation of the soul. Though he does not moralize about it, as Tolstoy and even Björnson, he plainly shows his attitude towards it by the light he sheds upon the relation of the sexes in his plays. He has only a few instances in which physical attraction is unrelieved by some spiritual affinity or intellectual interest. Oswald, the physical wreck, the victim of his father's sins, craves Regina for her animal youth and health. Ekdal, the artist poseur, has married Gina for her physical strength and attraction, though he may also have been guided by the prospect of the ease and comfort of domesticity. Allmers in "Little Eyolf" chose Rita for her

(Continued on page vi.)



Moffett, Chicago

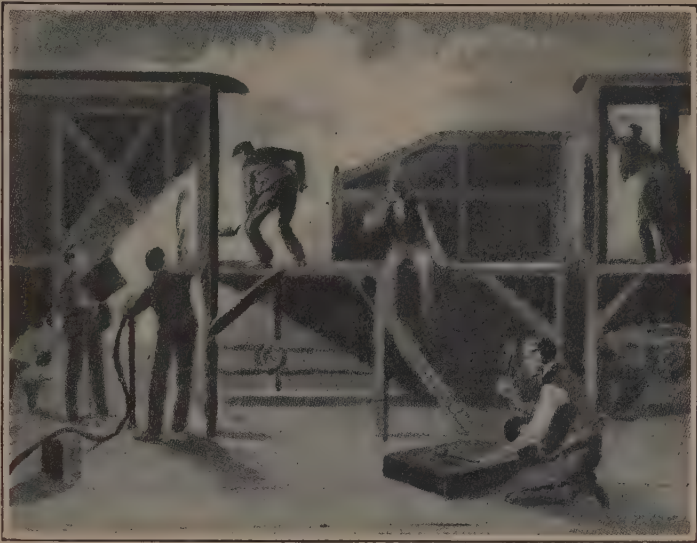
LOUISE DRESSER

Playing Mrs. Gregory, a widow, in "The Candy Shop," recently seen at the Knickerbocker Theatre, this city, and now in Chicago

Some Stage Effects and How They Are Done



Seen from the front: A motor-car racing against a train



Seen from behind: The train against which the motor-car races



From the front: The "Amazon" pursuing a small boat before she blows up and sinks



From behind: The "Amazon" as she appears to the actors and the busy stage hands behind the scenes



From the front: A Wright aeroplane coming to the rescue of a woman on a house-top



From behind: The Wright aeroplane on the racquet-shaped framework on which it "flies"

The above illustrations, reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*, give an excellent idea of "how it's done" in the theatres, of how stage illusions are produced. In the first instance, the race of a motor-car against a train, the train is but a framework. The wheels turn rapidly, yet the express does not move; the moving scene may be a panorama or, more often, is projected on a calico sheet, cinematograph-picture fashion. A red lamp provides the glow of the furnace; gilt confetti form the sparks; an assistant imitates the sound of the wheels on the rails and whistles; another produces the general noise made by the train; a ventilating-fan gives movement to the waiter's apron and serviette. The motor-car is equally flimsy. The "Amazon" runs along rails. Half a dozen men give it movement; smoke is "pumped" through the funnel; and when the explosion occurs red lights are burned, and miniature bombs are exploded. The Wright aeroplane is attached to a small "carriage," which runs on a racquet-shaped framework that is hidden from the audience by canvas clouds. The house is but the painted semblance of a house



A New American Brünnhilde

OF all the young American *prime donne* who have recently come into prominence, none has made a début under such extraordinary circumstances as Mrs. Minnie Saltzmann-Stevens, whose success in London last winter, during the special season of grand opera in English, led to her engagement for the regular Covent Garden spring season this year. The very fact that the young singer's first appearance in opera was in the rôle of Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre" is in itself remarkable, since hitherto few, if any, sopranos attempt this rôle until after years of operatic work and experience, but this is by no means the only unusual feature.

As a child, little Minnie Saltzmann always loved music, but as the fifth and youngest child of her mother, who was left a widow in straitened circumstances, there seemed small prospects for a musical education. Nor was her native town, Bloomington, Illinois, able to offer such advantages. Nevertheless, with no lessons worth mentioning, as a young girl she sang in one of the church choirs, although as a contralto, for she and her friends believed her voice to be of that timbre. Always the girl felt that she had a voice which, with cultivation, might win her fame. Oddly enough, her chance for study came through her marriage to Mr. Stevens, a pharmacist in her native Bloomington. Her husband was deeply interested in her musical ambitions, and shortly after their marriage he told her that he was willing to do all that he could to help her to gratify them. It was finally decided that Mrs. Stevens should go to Paris, and after much discussion König was selected as her teacher. When she left America she had been to the Opera perhaps three times in her life, during a brief visit to Chicago when the Metropolitan Opera Company was giving its annual season in that city. The first opera the future prima donna ever heard—oddly prophetic it now seems—was "Die Walküre," with Lillian Nordica in the rôle of Brünnhilde.

"I was simply entranced," said Mrs. Stevens, in speaking of this event so great to the enthusiastic music-loving girl. "The entrance cry of Brünnhilde appealed to me wonderfully, and I knew so little of the opera that I kept waiting and hoping to hear it repeated. I never heard the opera again until two years ago when I went to Munich for the festival performances."

Arrived in Paris, she found that König was dead, and only then learned that Jean De Reszké was teaching.

"I went to see him, sang for him, and arranged to study with him at once, although there were but six weeks remaining before he would leave Paris for the summer."

Although Mrs. Stevens' father was French, she had no knowledge of that language, never having heard it spoken at home. She did not speak German, although she understood that language fairly well, for her mother was German born.

From the first, M. De Reszké was interested in his ambitious new pupil, and she was absorbed in her work. Just before he left Paris for the summer, however, he intimated to her that he did not consider her voice a contralto, but a dramatic soprano. This was a terrible shock to Mrs. Stevens.

"I had always felt that it was a pure contralto," she said. "To be told suddenly that I was a soprano was most upsetting. Then, too, all that summer my friends worried me terribly. 'Your voice will be ruined, simply ruined! You will never do anything if you let De Reszké train it for a soprano,' they used to tell me over and over again, and, of course, I was greatly troubled. But the longer I thought over it the more fully I realized that M. De Reszké must know what he is talking about, and so when he returned to Paris, and I went to resume lessons, I fully decided to place myself in his hands. He told me that my voice was absolutely a dramatic soprano, that my low tones would remain, but the high tones must be cultivated. He promised me that if I

would trust myself to him and be patient, I should have an unusual career.

"Everything I know M. De Reszké has taught me," repeated Mrs. Stevens emphatically. "From the very rudiments to the finish. And what a wonderful teacher he is! Those who decry him are students who have not been patient, not willing to wait and work for the results he wished. I could count on the fingers of one hand the arias I studied before I began learning a rôle. But each of those arias was finished before I left it."

"What was the first rôle you studied?"

"Brünnhilde in 'Die Walküre.' M. De Reszke gave me the score, and told me to learn the rôle. I had then never heard it since the memorable occasion in Chicago. We worked on the three Brünnhilde rôles for two years, and then I sang for Mr. Higgins. He said that if it rested with him he would engage me on the spot, but as they always consulted Dr. Richter before making a contract with any singer for Wagnerian rôles, he asked me to come to London during the regular season at Covent Garden last spring. I did so, sang for him the last scene of 'Die Götterdämmerung' after an orchestral rehearsal in the Opera House, and was then engaged for the season the following winter. It was the first time I had ever in my life sung with orchestra," remarked Mrs. Stevens, thoughtfully.

"Were you not very nervous?" I asked.

"No, I was not nervous," was the tranquil reply.

I looked at her in amazement. At the time she sang the extremely difficult last scene of Brünnhilde for Dr. Hans Richter, acknowledged one of the greatest living conductors of Wagner, she had been studying singing for just three years. Just three years since she had left her native town without the years of study which have usually preceded a trip to Europe for ambitious would-be *prime donne*, and having heard but the fewest of fine artists. Yet on an occasion when nervousness might have been pardonable in an experienced opera singer, she, singing for the first time with orchestra, on the stage of the Covent Garden Opera House, declared that she was "not nervous."

"That surprises you," she said. "There was no reason why I should be nervous, for I was absolutely certain of the rôle. I knew it perfectly, every beat, every word, every shading. I had worked so long and carefully on it, and then I felt for the time being that I was Brünnhilde. It is so when I sing. Mrs. Stevens does not exist. I am the rôle I am singing, and outside things do not affect me, for I do not perceive them. Yet when I was the contralto of the church choir at home I never dared sing a solo. The soprano, who had charge of the music, often begged me to do so, for she was criticized for what was not in the least her fault, and accused of not being willing to let me have a solo. I wanted to sing one for her sake, but I dared not attempt it. I was too frightened. But you see I did not know what I was trying to do. Now I do."

"I cannot tell you how kind and helpful Dr. Richter was to me at the rehearsals. I sang Brünnhilde in all three operas of the Ring in English. Then after the season closed I went to Lisbon and sang them there in German, and I first studied them in French. I have been approached with offers to sing in Italy, but I cannot at present. I do not want to study Brünnhilde (these three are at present Mrs. Stevens' only rôles) in another language yet, it is too confusing, and besides I do not want to spend the time on it now. I want to get back to Paris and work. My next rôle is to be Isolde."

Mrs. Stevens has not the build usually associated with Brünnhilde. She is broad-chested, to be sure, full-throated, but of medium height and not stout, but she laughingly declares that she sees no reason why Brünnhilde need absolutely be massive, and her great success in the rôle certainly justifies her belief. E. L.



Copyright Dover Street Studios, London

MINNIE SALTZMANN-STEVENSON AS BRÜNNHILDE IN "DIE WALKÜRE"

The New Theatre

and Its Problems

WILL it make good? That is the question. Whether the New Theatre will realize artistically and pecuniarily the loudly announced intent of its founders is a query which is not only interesting the professional brotherhood on the Rialto but the patron of the drama as well. The new venture will at least start on its career with one advantage which few of its kind have had. Its managers will not have to worry as to where the money is to come from. Plenty is at hand and more to come if needed. Rather different conditions these from those that have ruled in previous cases, for, after all, the plan of the New Theatre, as far as artistic accomplishment is concerned, has only a little wider range than some theatrical experiments conducted in this country and abroad by individual managers and that, too, on their own financial responsibility.

Edwin Booth in his own playhouse lost a fortune trying to cultivate a public taste for the legitimate. Lester Wallack saw the general interest wane for exquisite productions of the old comedies and sought to rehabilitate the interest in his theatre by a resort to modern comedies and dramas. Augustin Daly produced numerous Shakespearian novelties, revived a considerable number of plays associated with the great writers of the historic past and then for purposes of making real money on the side introduced an era of light farcical comedies principally from the German. And yet the final returns were far from satisfactory. Without the wherewithal they could not tide over the interim in which their offerings were not popular.

Samuel Phelps in London at Sadlers Wells accomplished more, unaided by subsidy or subscription, for the real advancement of dramatic art than any other player in history. Think as a starter that he produced during his ten years of management not less than thirty-three of the thirty-seven Shakespearian plays and one can readily realize his activity. And yet in his old age he was compelled to act for a living. His marvelous efforts had not resolved themselves into gold. In this new venture, then, will money succeed where in the past intelligence, genius and energy went unrewarded? It is not to assert that brains, talent and enterprise will be lacking in the make-up of this new establishment, but money is the only new element introduced with which it is expected to steer clear of the rocks that in days gone by precipitated so many pecuniary shipwrecks.

Endowment should serve as a perfect safeguard if the experiment is carried to its logical conclusion—be it failure or success. But the New Theatre is not, strictly speaking, an endowed institution, but a subsidized one which, as Mr. Percy Mackaye in his latest book on the playhouse points out, is a very different thing. The subsidy may be for a limited time; the subscription naturally is fixed for a certain while.

If before the expiration of these periods the several patrons responsible for them discover that the idea is not gaining ground with the public, what is to prevent them from retiring and winding up the venture then and there? But this sounds like pessimism; for, announce the establishment of a new enterprise not formulated on conventional lines, and a list of critics immediately rise up to predict failure. Examples of this kind are numerous in every phase of mechanical or financial experiment. Failures, of course, have been numerous, but intelligent foresight does occasionally reap its reward, and then the harvest is a plenteous one. The innovator in the domains of art has an equally hard road to travel. Generally misunderstood, he is always ridiculed. But a good fundamental idea—however preposterous it may seem originally to artist or philistine—ultimately wins out. Perhaps the originator does not always secure the credit from his times, but posterity enjoys the fruit of his daring and in later years often speaks up to call him blessed.

Whatever may eventually be accomplished within the walls of the superb building on Central Park West, time alone will demonstrate, but the public will at least be a gainer, for the mere announcement that it will soon be ready to do business

has stirred up the "commercial" managerial world to the point that already several announcements are made that something like old-time stock companies will again be brought to the fore. So far so good. Anything that will enable dramatic authors to write freely and without the hampering conditions that apply to a play ordered to fit a certain star will be greatly welcomed. Players will once more be forced to act and not alone display their pleasing but limited personalities; there will be a general renaissance of what may be termed dramatic art, and whatever the result, the moral stimulus cannot fail to be other than beneficial to both player and public.

The way of the transgressor is hard, and the road which the



Miarceau

MR. WINTHROP AMES, DIRECTOR OF THE NEW THEATRE
Mr. Ames is a native of Boston and a graduate of Harvard, specializing in dramatic literature. Thinking he might gain experience in theatrical management, he conducted for four years a stock company at the Castle Square Theatre of Boston.

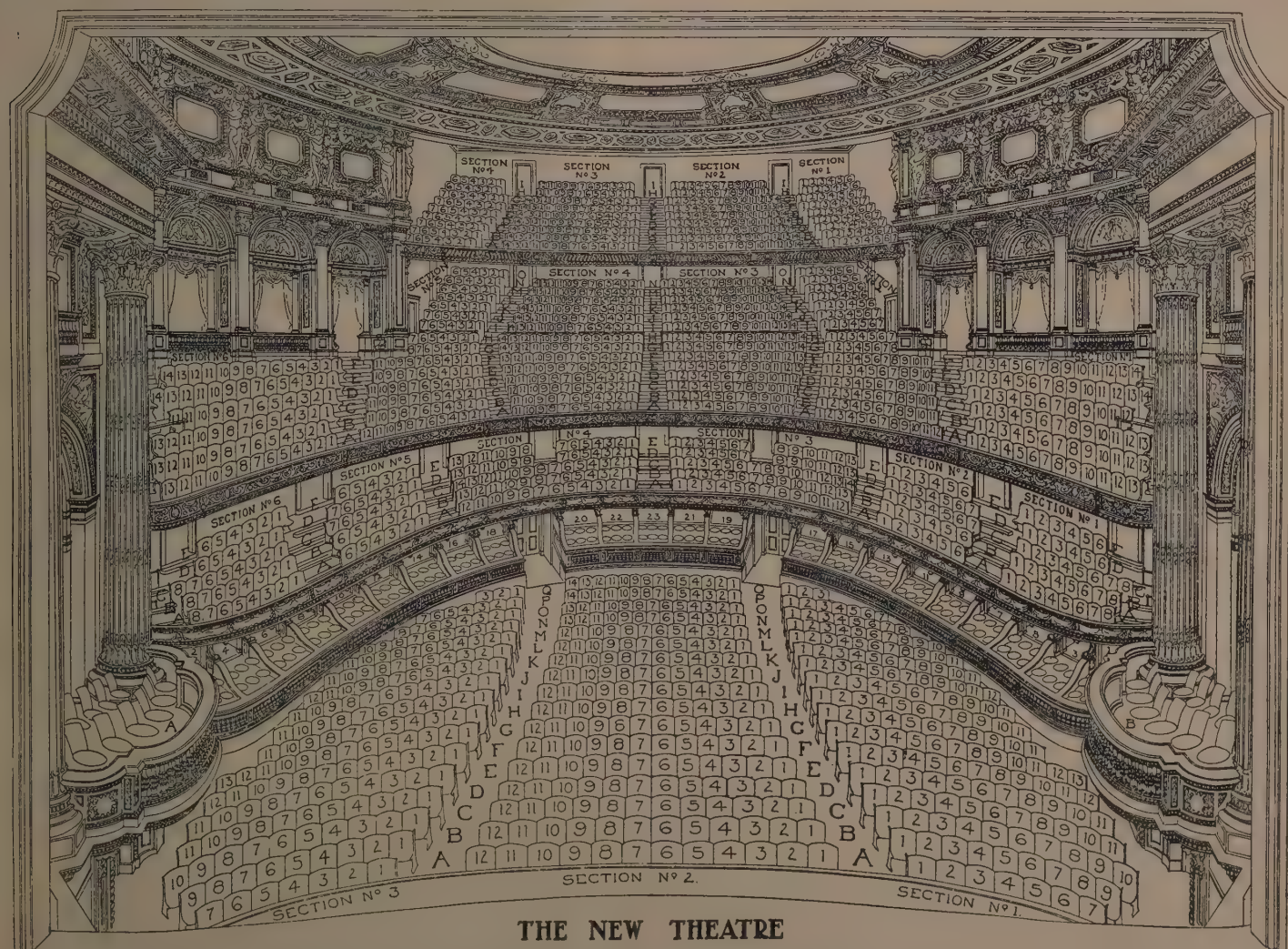
new managers will have to travel will not for smoothness of surface be like that which the automobilists of to-day are wont to call their own. In spite of the constant plea that goes up that stage material of all kinds of merit, from the good to the supreme, is already at hand only awaiting the recognition that comes with adequate production, sundry commentators have filled columns with their arguments that such is not the case. They point out that hundreds of plays will be submitted by unknown authors, but that few will prove in the least available; that the tried and experienced playwrights are all under contract to write for the "commercial" managers, and naturally will prefer them as they alone can guarantee long runs, the source of big royalties, and that after all for a time at least Mr. Winthrop Ames will have to depend upon Shakespeare and the other classics.

But suppose he is able to secure artistic material, will it be appreciated to the extent that the box office will be kept busy? Public taste is a queer thing. One set of critics insist that it is anxious to be led in the direction of higher things. Another group declare that the commercial idea is the proper one, and that a manager's only duty is to give his patrons what they call for. No revolution in taste can be accomplished without a vigorous campaign. Patience, above all, will be needed and a palate which has been so constantly pleased with musical comedy is not likely overnight to take kindly to "Coriolanus." But even when it does turn to comedy or serious drama, these same audiences are most exacting. They have become educated to such an extent that they now demand assured technic in the construction of plays. Methods that formerly assured laughter, thrills and tears are no longer endured. Life, be it the lighter or the more serious side, must be logically analyzed. The psychology of character and event is insisted upon. In other words, the audiences demand either plays of the highest intellectual and technical value or else fare of the lightest and most ephemeral kind. The higher social element

which is, of course, behind this new movement, is not noted for its devotion to the classics. Many a deserving Shakespearian production has eked out a fitful existence on Broadway that has been hailed with clamorous delight by big paying audiences at the popular priced theatres. Will they, therefore, consistently and constantly assist in this artistic welfare? Will they come and be bored, or will they pay and leave gaps in the fauteuils?

Will, too, the great public, the *hoi polloi*, flock to a playhouse that is so associated with the idea of aristocracy? Your theatre-going democrat is a peculiar individual. He prefers his own modest and retiring environment when he goes to hear the players. Will he affect the galleries of the New Theatre even if he be transported to the heavens by fast fleeting elevators? Encourage him; however, if he shows a disposition to elude, get him some way, for this element is an absolute essential to enduring success; he is the true sinew and backbone of the real drama.

But it would particularly seem as if the greatest obstacle the new management will have to overcome will be the formation of its stock company. In spite of all that is alleged in the way of benefits secured by the present "theatrical" system, there never was a time during the past season that the Rialto would not have yielded up good players of both sexes by the very hundreds at the mere whistle. The adjective "good" is used advisedly. They are accounted good players as measured by modern requirements. If you had one part to fill you could easily find a competent if not brilliant exponent. If you required this same actor to play a second part of a different character the result might be very dubious. The system in control for the last decade has been the over emphasis of the ego—the glorification of the specialist, and the result has been that there have been no schools for the training of the ambitiously intelligent. They have by very force of circumstances been compelled to play one part a season, unless failures compelled a few more, and if the original production did please



THE NEW THEATRE

Interior plan, showing the seating arrangements of the sumptuous new playhouse at Sixty-third Street and Central Park West, which a group of American millionaires will throw open to the public about November 1 next



White, N. Y.

WILLETTE KERSHAW

Leading woman of the Page-Benjamin Stock Company in Rochester, and seen recently as Jenny in "The Battle" at the Savoy

of a comprehensive repertoire? To-day if a man or woman makes a hit in a particular rôle, he or she is immediately advanced to the rank of star. When the utility of the original medium is exhausted, an obliging playwright is ready to supply another of the same kind. The result is a series of theatrical Rollos or Jack Harkaways. Is it to be expected when the multiplicity of theatres in this city and throughout the United States is considered, and stars and attractions are in such supreme demand, that these evolved stars will resign their twinkling honors for a shy at the real laurels under the régime of Mr. Ames? Hardly. A good fat part, which requires little brains and precious little work, allied with a cheerful salary and a prospective percentage in the receipts are inducements calculated to dull the desire for art and art alone, even though the word be spelt with a capital A. It would seem, therefore, as though Mr. Ames could not rely very much on this branch of the profession for the recruiting of his ensemble.

There is a well-established idea that our thespian is not a man of business; that he will often throw over something good and sure for a fugitive opportunity to display the breadth and depth of his art. In the vernacular "forget it." It may seem a rather sweeping assertion, but the majority of those who make a living on the stage do not know what art is. They will talk a great deal of the higher impulses; of the strain and struggle for something better and enduring, but pin them down to facts and what they do not know of theatrical history, of tradition, of the literature of the stage, of the allied arts, and even of the very things that are happening about them that go to make up the history of the day would ignominiously flunk a candidate for the High School. It is all talk, and cheap superficial talk at that, which deceives no one except themselves. They certainly do not deceive each other, and are consequently prepared to heartily inveigh against "the ring" if their superior talents are not called upon. It is all very well to depend upon heaven-sent talent, but the gods

the public it was not unusual for the player to go out a second year, nay even a third season in the same play. Could anything be more disheartening to one earnest in his desire to advance in his profession, or more restricting in its operations for the development of latent talent? Thus it is, and it is no boast of the palmy-day idea to assert that there are really few actors at present. By actors is meant the player capable of giving vitality, power, force, humor, distinction and individuality to a range of rôles. Now if this is a condition at present existing, where will Mr. Ames get his players from if they are expected to shine in the varied requirements

are not indiscriminate in their gifts and Nature has insisted that work, and hard work, too, is needed for success in any walk in life, coupled with some intelligence and a modicum of common sense. Is this the type of player then that Mr. Ames will draw upon for the make-up of his histrionic roster? We think you nay! Besides, New York City has been spoiled in the way its insatiable greed for "names" has been gratified. The Metropolitan Opera House is a living example. A good, competent, well-balanced performance without stars does not draw. It is personality which attracts the great multitude, and whether the "play is the thing" it remains to be seen whether Mr. Ames and his associates with a cast of unknowns can draw paying audiences.

Metropolitan taste is not dead, however, for better things. Mr. Mantell's season this year in town is a case in point. One hundred nights in Shakespeare is a record not to be despised. And yet earnest as his support has demonstrated itself to be there has been just criticism about the players. Many have proved incapable of the artistic trusts imposed, and Mr. Sothorn's company was sad in many prominent particulars. Both stars succeeded financially, but their followers would have attended had they been supported by kinder partners.

In his very interesting book "How to Run an Endowed Theatre" Mr. William Archer points out the great difficulty that attaches to the formation of a company. He realizes how keen will be the artistic competition. The lure of money and temporary fame as a star will hold back many a promising recruit. It is manifestly impossible in a repertoire theatre that to each player should be allotted a fixed and unalterable line of parts. Personal glory and love of self must give way to the artistic whole. It is like team work in football or baseball. A bunch of stars is a hollow mockery. Proportion is always lost and balance never secured. Each at times must sacrifice himself at the altar of art. Is unselfishness a marked trait of the theatrical profession? There is always a Thomas ready to doubt.

Well the Comédie Française has flourished, and why shouldn't the New Theatre? Very true, but where are the insurance clauses in the New York scheme? The house of Molière provides a future for the superannuated. What local inducements are held out for the future, and to compensate for personal self-sacrifice and devoted loyalty?

This is an era of optimism, so let us hope for the best. Mr. Ames may have some splendid and surprising cards up his sleeve. It is to be hoped he has. Anything that will tend to improve the public task is to be encouraged and deserves success.

E. F. COWARD.



Otto Sarony Co., N. Y.

MILDRED HOLLAND

Well-known stock actress, who recently produced, with great success in Cleveland, a new play entitled "In Glass Houses," in which she played the leading rôle



Photo White, N. Y.

Baby Seawillow

Mary Sheridan

George Beban

Pietro Massena receives roses to be placed upon the body of his dead child
SCENE IN THE ONE-ACT PLAY, "THE SIGN OF THE ROSE," WHICH HAS SCORED SUCCESS IN VAUDEVILLE

"The Sign of the Rose" at the Colonial Theatre

THE little one-act play called "The Sign of the Rose," which was newly launched in the vaudeville theatres, reasonably fulfils two worthy professional ambitions—that of Mr. Charles T. Dazey, the author, and that of Mr. George Beban, who enacts its principal rôle. Mr. Dazey no doubt felt, as most other live American dramatists of to-day have felt—with a sense of being denied a square deal in what in Europe is an important preparative field of endeavor—that the one-act play gives incomparable opportunities for quick and graphic studies in the contemporaneous life about us.

"The Sign of the Rose" brings together the elements of Little Italy, luxurious Fifth Avenue, and the police "third degree," in one moment of tragic pathos in the squalid life of Pietro Massena, a poor, inoffensive, uncomplaining Italian of the submerged class. Pietro is a widower, with a little four-year-old daughter Rosie, who is the consolation and sunshine of his lonely existence. The child's life is crushed out by the automobile Juggernaut. By one of those coincidences of fate, which are the unwritten law of melodrama, the car that killed little Rosie was that of Mr. Van Brunt, a frantic father, whose own golden-haired girl had been kidnapped and was held for a \$10,000 ransom. Van Brunt wavered between paying and the police, and made tentative overtures in both directions. That was what complicated the whole tragic affair. After that human bulldog, Hatch, the detective, had been let loose on the case, and had it all framed up to nab the Black Handers, who were to deliver the goods (the kidnapped child), and then stop in at Fleischman's flower shop on Fifth Avenue and get their money, the distracted mother, Mrs. Van Brunt, came there with the cash all ready, and implored the detective to call off the capture scheme, and let her carry out in good faith the trans-

action as proposed by the aforesaid gentry of the Black Hand. They are arguing the matter in the flower shop, when, at the appointed stroke of noon, an unmistakable "Dago" slinks into the place, saying he wants to buy a rose. Now, it appears that the rose was one of the cabalistic signs used by the blackmailers in their correspondence. "A clear case," muttered the detective. "All we have to do is to hand over the money to this fellow, and when once he has taken it, we've got him dead to rights." But poor Pietro, dazed at the sight of the big roll of banknotes thrust at him, refuses to have anything to do with it. "Where is the kid?" thunders the inquisitorial Hatch. "She at home, in my house, top floor—dead, my poor little Rosie!" sobs the Italian. "I come here to buy one leetle rose for put in her coffin. Please let me go back to her, mister!" "You'll come with me," roars the police sleuth, emphasizing his third-degree accusations with handcuffs and a revolver. Pietro, goaded to madness, catches up a long, glittering pair of shears, stiletto-wise, and prepares to sell his life dearly. At this climacteric moment enters Papa Van Brunt with his own rescued child,—and there is a tearful, heart-clutching dénouement.

It is a cogent, intense, quick-action little play, giving George Beban, as Pietro, a chance to efface the memory of his fantastic comic-opera Frenchman by a finely-wrought piece of straight, legitimate character-acting. And he does it with a success that is apparently as substantial as artistic. Frank Sheridan, the leading heavy support, scores emphatically as a perfect brute. The complete cast was as follows:

Mr. Hatch.....Frank Sheridan
Mr. Van Brunt.....Paul Everton
Mrs. Van Brunt.....Mary Sheridan
Edith Van Brunt.....Baby Seawillow

Miss Millicent.....Alice Martin
CooganHarry Johnson
RichardHarold Ekstrom
Pietro Massena.....George Beban

L. Frank Baum and His New Plays

L. FRANK BAUM of "Wizard of Oz" fame, and author of a most delightful series of children's books and fairy tales, does not look the part of overworked author and playwright, but in the quiet depths of his dark eyes, the square-cut jaw and firm mouth, are revealed the capacity for sustained effort and the ability to make every whit of that effort count.

The morning sunshine painted dancing yellow patches across the floor of the pleasant room, a room at once typically Southern Californian, and reflective of the artistic temperament of its owner. Lounging chairs, and tables covered with books and magazines, invited repose and entertainment, photographs banked the mantel, and on the piano, piled high with automatic records of the best and latest music, a jolly "Billikens" image grinned the spirit of good cheer that pervaded the place. And everywhere that a vase could perch were bouquets of the California wild flowers in all the vivid glory of their pink and purple and gold.

"Yes, my workshop is a busy place these days. My orders have piled up so during my absence the early part of the winter on a lecture tour, that I am fairly swamped. Not only are the three pieces on which I am working for the coming season approaching completion, but the new fairy book, the fifth of the Oz books, is now reaching its final chapters.

"The new operas will all be put on early in the season. The one that I may say is practically finished is 'The Pipes o' Pan.' Paul Tietjens is writing the score for this, and it is a true comic opera. Tietjens did the music for the 'Wizard of Oz,' you will remember. This opera will be presented by the Shuberts at the Lyric, in New York, early in the fall.

"I am not neglecting the musical comedy idea. An extravaganza that will go either by the name of 'Ozma of Oz' or 'The Rainbow's Daughter,' will be put on the first week in October by Montgomery and Stone at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago. This is going to be a big thing scenically, something on the order of Bailey and Austin's big hit, 'The Top of the World.' You can tell that the mechanical



L. FRANK BAUM
Author of "The Wizard of Oz," etc.

effects will be remarkable, for we have working with us Arthur Voegtlin, who is without a doubt the greatest scenic painter in America. His 'Battle in the Air' is probably the most wonderful thing ever produced in this line. The music for this play is being written by Manuel Klein, composer of 'The Land of Nod,' and several other musical successes.

"I am particularly engaged just now, though, with an opera I am doing for Mr. Dillingham, that will be put on by Montgomery and Stone, succeeding 'The Red Mill.' Their ideas are being largely worked out in the plot in order to bring out their specialties. During the play they will represent nine different characters. That means many quick changes for them. This play will be very scenic also. The exact date of this production is not decided yet, and neither is the title, though we are thinking favorably of 'Peter and Paul.' One of the big things in it is the music. Arthur Pryor has written it, and it is going to make a great hit. It is the first musical play

he has ever written, his efforts having been confined principally to band music. He is the greatest trombone player in the world, you know, and it is pretty well conceded that the success of the Sousa marches was largely due to him. He would play out the heavy trombone airs, and Sousa would write around them. Have you heard a Sousa march that amounted to anything since they separated? I was up at Pryor's country place last summer, and he has stacks of the same kind of music, music that sticks in your mind, full of melody, that is in the score of this new opera of ours.

"In all this talk of coming operas, I would like to say a word for 'The Wizard of Oz.' It never grows old. It is just as bright and fresh and popular to-day as it was at its first performance eight years ago. The 'Wizard' is an extraordinary thing. It is the only musical comedy that has lived for eight years. One reason is, it has an original idea. A manager will pay fifty times as much for an idea as he will for a whole written opera that is not original. And that is precisely the cause of the many failures we see on the



WINTER HOME OF L. FRANK BAUM, CORONADO BEACH, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA



GEORGINA CAINE AS DOROTHY DARE AND CHORUS IN "THE MOTOR GIRL" AT THE LYRIC

boards to-day—they are imitations. The 'Wizard' makes good because it is good. It has the idea.

"It isn't through opera, though, that I hope to live that I base any hopes I may have of having my name written in bronze. My important work I consider to be my fairy tales, not my plays. The 'Wizard' was written as a child's book three years before it was put on as a play. My fairy stories are a radical departure from the old regulation fairy tale about princesses and princes, and so on. But there is not one transplanted idea either in the Oz series or any of my fairy books. Of the twenty-two books of fairy tales I have written, five, counting the one I am working on now, are Oz books. That one which will soon be finished will be called 'The Road to Oz.' I will write one more next year, and that will close the series of the chronicles of Oz.

"The bulk of these books have been written right here in Coronado, and are so signed, so you see Coronado comes in for a little fame in connection with them. I have turned out more books at Coronado than any other writer. In fact, I am often called a California writer.

"My books have been translated into almost every language, including Japanese, and in my travels abroad I have found them cherished by children, from Egypt, in Nubia on the edge of dark-

est Africa, to the interior of the Philippines, and a friend said he saw one in a house at Hongkong, in China. The children are all friends of 'The Gingerbread Man,' 'John Dough,' 'The Hungry Tiger,' 'The Cowardly Lion,' 'Dorothy,' 'The Scare-crow,' 'Tik-tok,' and the 'Mischievous Mifkets,' and all my queer people, and I am a friend of the children."

Interested as he is in his work, and heavy as are its demands on him, Mr. Baum does not allow it to interfere with his enjoyment of the California out-of-door life. Every morning and until half-past two in the afternoon he spends in his "workshop," and then he plays golf until half-past four.

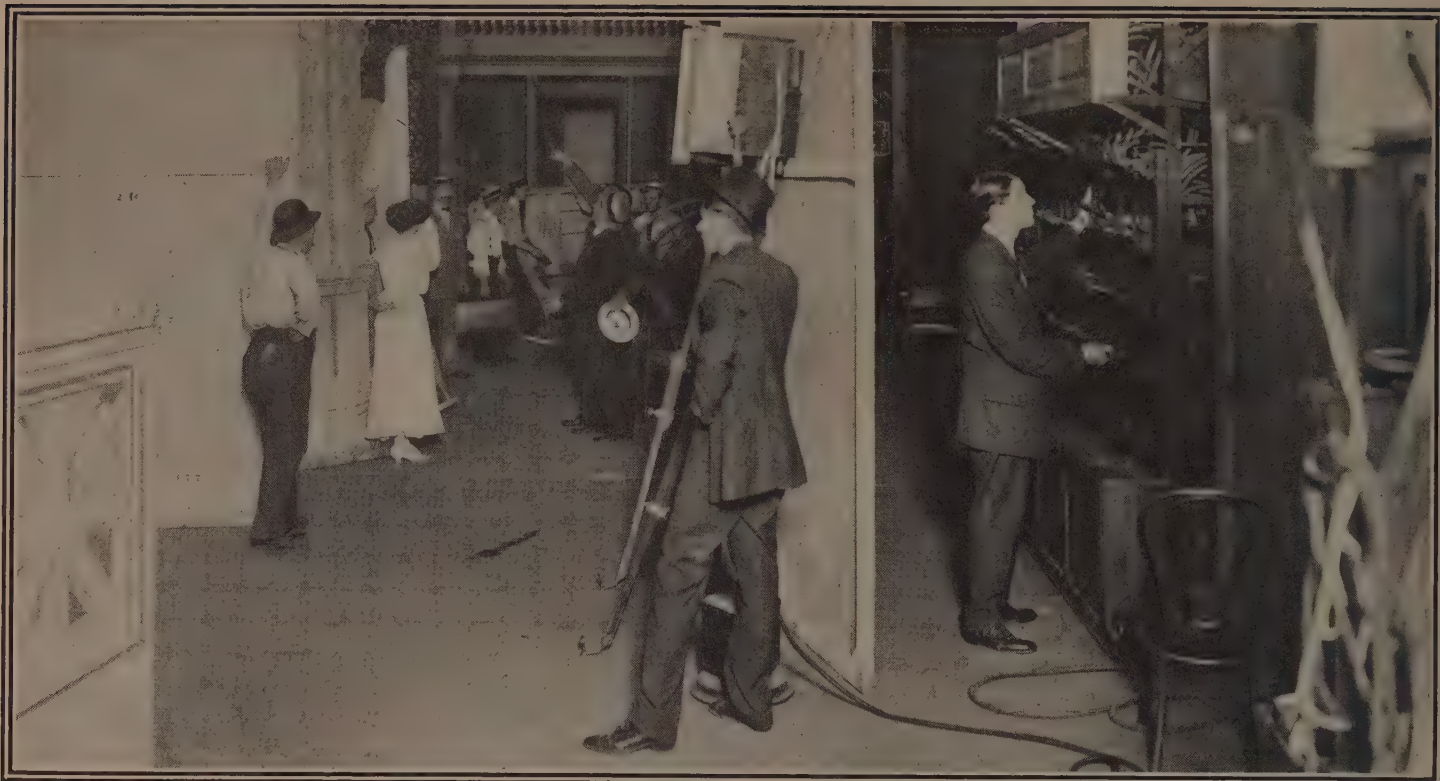
"My one recreation is golf, and conditions here are ideal for the game. Every afternoon sees me out on the Coronado links."

An article on Mr. Baum's work would be incomplete without mention of his pet enterprise, the Children's Theatre, the only playhouse of its kind in the world. The theatre is being built in New York, on West Fifty-seventh Street, near Carnegie Hall, and will probably be opened early in the coming season. It is for the production of fairy plays, suitable for children, and actively interested with Mr. Baum are Mrs. Carter Harrison, of Chicago, and a number of other prominent eastern society women.

D. E. KESSLER.



FINAL SCENE IN ACT II IN "THE MOTOR GIRL" AT THE LYRIC



Byron, N. Y.

BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE THE CURTAIN RISES

THE ELECTRICIAN AT HIS POST

The Psychology of the Stage Switchboard



Misses Selby
DAVID BELASCO
The wizard of the stage
switchboard

THE electrician stood by the switchboard, running an emotional effect along the footlights; he was dealing with psychology in terms of incandescent bulbs; he was attaching passion to a dynamo; in other words, he was aiming at theatrical effect. The stage was bare, save for the scenes and properties pushed back in orderly disorder, while up in the flies amid a maze and tangle of ropes, hung bits of painted canvas ready for the evening's performance.

There is nothing so disillusionizing as an empty theatre in daylight; the gaping orchestra chairs show the absence of a responsive crowd; the space from pit to dome, from center stage to family circle, is like an empty shell waiting for sound and light. But if you possess even the slightest *sense* of the theatre, the scenery with its daub of paint, the switchboard with its banks of levers, the stage hands in their shirtsleeves, will represent the elements of a great art, whose spirit gilds the mechanics of the play.

Take for granted that the scene is naught but a house of cards, that the back drop on close view is no more nor less than a splash of color, behind it all is the instinct that creates perspective from the flat. The mechanics of the stage have been brought to such perfection that their misuse instantly reveals the lack of the artist.

The stage is an organism, a whole of many parts; the idea set in dialogue and action must be clothed in speech, light, and scene; this is the supreme work of the stage manager, to draw these things together in their truest relationship.

One has a right to speak of the psychology of the switchboard, to humanize the mechanics of the theatre. The electrician holds nature in his hands; he has thought out the elements of a prairie sun, and he measures its intensity by the number of switches in use. At rehearsals he has diffused the scene with many moonlights until the Italian glamor appealed to his feeling. The stage has changed since the time Mary Anderson's Juliet faced the headlight of a locomotive held aloft by a negro boy, as the inconstant moon; psychology is essentially a fluid state, and the progress of electricity has made it possible for stage lighting to be

fluid, to be subject to imperceptible shades, to *absorb* the individual rays in a general suffusion.

Not one of our present-day managers has so profited by the response of the electric switchboard to human psychology as Mr. Belasco; in his hands it is the very essence of atmosphere, the very indicator of the scene's tone. Whether it be the enervating blaze of sunlight in the opening act of "The Rose of the Rancho," or the cold gray dawn after the night's anguish in "Madame Butterfly," the result represents no mechanical accident. Once, not so long ago, effect used to be entirely artificial; the villain's entrance was heralded by dark, restless music from a few violins, and the roll of a kettledrum. But to-day, Mr. Belasco has driven incidental sentimentality from the orchestra by the dependence upon the switchboard.

What do we mean by the psychology of stage lighting? Simply that every emotional effect of large import results in a corresponding direction being given to the electrician. To take an external example, suppose the stage in semi-darkness; a character enters with a lighted candle; one naturally expects an increase in light, but the intensity must move across the stage with the movement of the candle. It is here that the electrician, from his platform, plays upon his switchboard. By a system of interlocking, and of dimming the flow of current, he can send across the "foots" a flare of lights to follow the candle flame; one bulb is made to glow as the other fades.

Such is the ease of gaining an elementary effect, but the principle is the same, however complicated the requirement. In his studio, Mr. Belasco first imagines his canvas; he then places his "light plots" in the hands of his electrician for fulfilment. At rehearsal he adds to, modifies, rejects, fusing the whole as a painter does with his brush. His stage directions at first become mere skeleton notes of transitory feeling. His assistant stands near, pencil in hand, watching the restless move of the manager, searching among the lights for what he wants. The switchboard is taxed to its uttermost, mixing color to accord with a certain quality of shadow in Mr. Belasco's mind.

If a drama is big; if an actor's art is expressive, a story may often be ably suggested by pantomime; its emotional color, range, and variation in the same way may be sketched in light. Having rehearsed his company beyond the "letter perfect" point,

Mr. Belasco assembles them for light effects. His experiments are not only with you but on you. Not only must the actors harmonize among themselves, but also with the lights. To their own emotional interpretation of a rôle, they must add the atmospheric effect of the stage light. For six minutes the curtain was up before a word was spoken in "The Rose of the Rancho"; it was a somno-

lent scene; those who saw it felt the drowsy vapor of the glow, the still air, and the enervating heat. Let us discount the statement of the press agent that "so realistic was the scene it made the stage carpenters drowsy," and be satisfied with the plausible fact that the imagination of the actor caused the switchboard to react upon himself.

Undoubtedly, a stage manager should make his people *feel* the lights; if the scene is cold, the actor should find it easy to shiver within the bleak, steely rays devoid of all warm color. In this way imitation approaches reality; the actor responds by absorbing every element, condition, or circumstance, in order to make his body warm or cold, as the case may be.

Every electrician is in possession of his *cue*, knows the story of the play, and is made to calculate the emotional requirements in terms of his switchboard. He is no machine, no mere feeder of the stage with light. The human tempo of the situation pulses in his veins; he lowers or raises his levers until every blemish is removed. There must be no blotch, no streaks, for the lights should glide; sharp edges should be made to blend.

In that rehearsal for lights, the manager must consider the balance of white surface and shadow. A glint is thrown on a ribbon, a bit of lace, a bare arm or neck; this must be balanced by the absence of light somewhere else. The switchboard must have a tempo focussed to accord with the beat of emotion. Not only that, but the light

is guided by the color of a costume, toned to contrast with other dresses possibly; even the hair limits the intensity of light, and if the features of an actor are strong, a strong current upon the face would only serve to reveal a "war map" of lines. A white light brings disillusionment in its path.

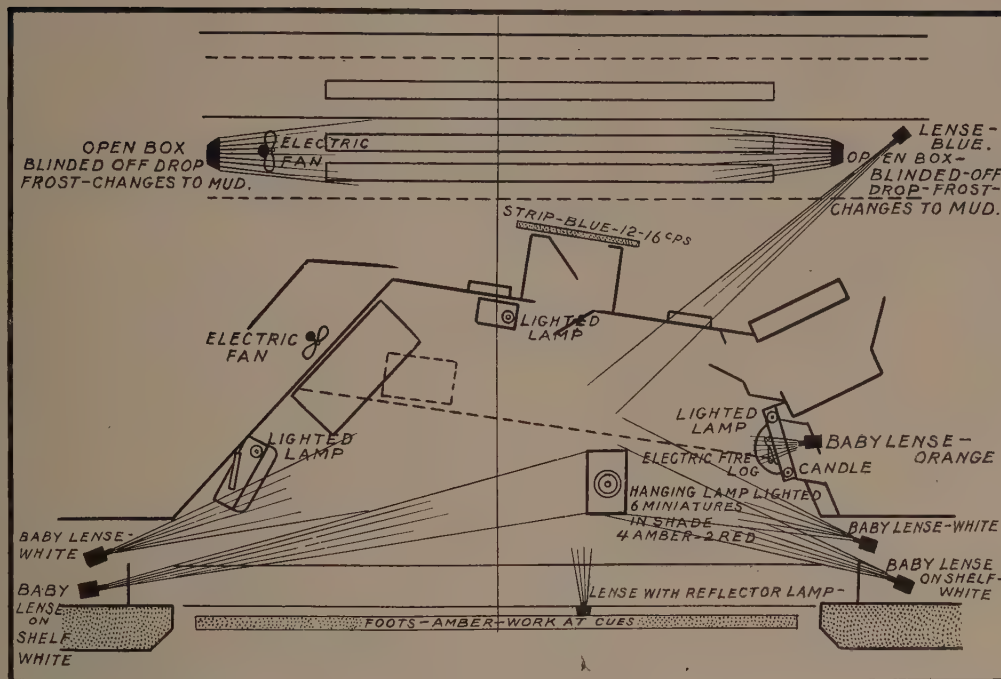
Rehearsal is a matter of constant shifting; a thousand and one directions are given which

never find their way on the prompter's script of the play. "I think I'll make that so and so," says the Stage Manager, and the Carpenter looks askance at the Electrician, while the Scene Painter goes back to his pots and brushes, to try again some perspective cliff or shore. "I don't only want a moon, but a Japanese moon," cried Mr. Belasco during a rehearsal of "The Darling of the Gods."

In the matter of the switchboard, Mr. Belasco stands in a new light; he is not the conventional stage manager; on the one hand he is a lover of nature, having felt the close of day on the plains,

and seen the first streak of dawn in Italy. He has been an investigator of all phases of the physical as well as of the emotional. He is not merely satisfied with reaching the eye, but he must strike the heart; his lights are always accessories; they are made to reinforce or to counteract; they must serve a purpose, otherwise be discarded. At times, he places too much dependence upon such effect; we feel it in the way he "plays up" a brunette or blonde, working his lights to show her to the best advantage. But in the majority of cases, his results are artistic rather than theatrical.

From one of the iron bridges in the flies, slung far above the proscenium arch on the side, the stage presents to view every point of vantage. The five sets of border lights, consisting of 270 lamps as an average, the three banks of bulbs in the "foots," the light strips ready to be placed in any



Courtesy of David Belasco

LIGHT PLOT OF THE SECOND ACT OF "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"



Byron, N. Y.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT IN A THEATRE

wing, the baby lenses to counteract any false reflection of the "foots," when shadow is thrown on the face at inopportune moments, the large lenses on the bridges, the lamps centered on particular stage accessories, the stereopticon for cloud effects during a storm or sun or moonlight—with these the electrician, at the final rehearsal, has "fixed" his diagram, which he has by him for the first few regular performances.

Amber, blue, red, and white, are the general colors in use on the stage, besides the direct flow of lime light. But not always will the standard color do; then the electrician mixes his own stain and dips the incandescent bulb therein. The hard problem for him to consider is not how to reach the proper light out of darkness; it were easy thus to obtain a realistic sun, but the difficult matter is to have the sun come after the appearance of a gray dawn; in other words, to obtain light effects out of light.

The psychology of the switchboard is largely the problem of counteracting shadows, of bringing emotion into high light; that is why the old idea that tragedy must be given the tragic tone, is an exploded theory, since contrast, rather than agreement, is the electrician's asset. Death lurks in the sunlight as well as in the shadow. Was it not in Forbes Robertson's "Hamlet" that Ophelia came broken-minded into an orchard pink with the touch of spring?

There is not an inch of surface on the stage that cannot be subjected to a flood of light, which may be softened or intensified slowly by means of simplicity dimmers, which are even more responsive than the cock of a gas jet. So important a matter is the switchboard, that a portable one, in no way as extensive as the stationary one, is carried on the road as an important part of the play's emotional effect.

In "The Rose of the Rancho," during the course of the first scene, with the sun beating down on the Mission garden, with the Padre asleep on his vine-covered porch, the electrician is busy at the switch; some lenses are focussed for light, others for shadow, amber is thrown upon the gate, straw medium paints the orange tree; a rose bush must have a special ray upon it, while the arbor, and certain roses, must catch the glint of sunlight. One lens strikes the fountain, centered on the stage, coloring the stone seat upon which Juanita flirts with Kearney. All the while the baby lens is kept busy spotting the chief actors on the stage.

The significant part of psychology as applied to stage lighting is that in the highest perfection of its handling it is never fixed, in plays particularly dependent upon special atmosphere. If the sunlight strikes the broad front of the Mission steeple at the top, the same intensity hardly suffices to flood the entire building. As the play progresses, the day progresses, and the lights vary; these changes occur in accordance with the electrician's cues. The siesta hour of this first act approaches the eventide, and Juanita falls deeper in love with the "Gringo," Kearney, as the shadows grow more and more. Thus the "light plot" reads:

"At cue: 'Meet me at my posada,' change lenses Nos. 7, 5, 3 on lower bridge to light amber, also lens on upper bridge R., and lenses on stage R. 3 E.; also lens back stage on bridge L., and the four open boxes in 3. Put on 1st border blue to $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2d, 3d, and 4th borders red to full; take down whites to $\frac{1}{3}$."

This shorthand notation is indicative of mechanical response; levers are handled like the shift key of a typewriter, banks of lights are interlocked, so as to respond to one force at the same

time. Then comes Kearney's caressing words: "Let me hold your little brown hand in mine." Many the lovers who have strayed in a garden of roses during the gathering twilight which creeps upon them! But here on the stage there must be a "change of all lenses on bridges, and open boxes to red, except the two on bridge left, which go to salmon; take down foots to $\frac{1}{2}$, and amber borders to $\frac{1}{4}$; also dim the tubular lamps on window and arbor R."

All the time the scene grows darker; the lamp on the rose bush is blinded, the fountain is cast in shadow, the belfry is made misty, while the blues begin to mingle with the reds for evening.

Finally, there is uttered Juanita's cry of love as Kearney leaves her, determined on saving her property from the land-grabbers looting California. Hence, at cue, "Oh, Gringo, why did you come?"

"Slowly pass amber color over baby lens in 1 R. (This lamp is on Juanita at the time; the color is just passed over the lamp and taken off again while the line is spoken.) At

same cue, take off both lamps in flies, L. 1 E. This light stands till end of act."

Here one has suggested only a fractional part of the mechanics behind the stage—the psychology of the switchboard—which is only effective when employed with reticence, with reason, with intelligent understanding, with feeling. There is the cartoon use of light as seen in the spotter limestreak following the clown in the circus; there is the melodramatic use of light, noted in the splotch of green thrown upon the face of Mansfield while he changed from Jekyll to Hyde. But the artist at the switchboard is a believer in the minor notes as the best notes, and, as regards Mr. Belasco's management, it might be truly claimed, he does not act without reason. He has often said he does not believe in dragging in sound simply for the sake of sound; a wise principle to uphold, even if it is not always followed.

"The Rose of the Rancho" serves our purpose for illustrating the psychology of the switchboard, because its atmosphere involves constantly shifting light; any one of Mr. Belasco's plays largely depends upon accessory of this character, and upon the mechanics demanding constant attention. In the third act of this California romance, we are given a dark stage creeping to full light: reds and blues which succumb to early dawn ambers. The scene is on the roof, Kearney waiting for the day. From the main switch, the electrician is working his "dimmers" slowly;

(Continued on page vii)



NELLA WEBB

Who plays Angelica, the maid, in "The Girl from Rector's," at Weber's Theatre

The Requiem of a Grand Opera Pioneer

WE of the younger generation are inclined to think, if we ever give the subject any thought, that grand opera in America has always aimed at the highest standards, and always represented the outgrowth of a music-loving nation's efforts in behalf of the artistic. There is much for us to appreciate, therefore, when we know that one of the first tenors heard in grand opera in America died only two months ago, at the age of seventy-four. That tenor was William Castle, formerly leading tenor for Parepa Rosa, Zelda Seguin, Adelina Patti, and a host of other singers scarcely less renowned, and one of the most familiar figures in American musical history during the latter half of the nineteenth century. The first complete organization to sing English opera in this country was the Castle-Campbell Opera Company, of which William Castle was not only the principal tenor, but the guiding genius of the whole enterprise. Some years ago, 1861, to be exact, Mr. Castle made his debut in New York in concert work, and from that time forward to the present his successes probably eclipsed those of any tenor with which our operatic stage has been graced.

He was born in England in 1836, educated in Philadelphia, New York, London and Milan. In 1863 he married Hetty M. Warren, a sister of the late Joseph Jefferson, and his wife was associated with him in his operatic career singing soprano rôles with unusual success. His opera debut was made in New York in 1864 with Patti. He sang in Europe at the leading operas during the seasons 1872-4, and in 1891 he retired from the stage to accept the directorship of the Chicago Musical College School of Opera, an institution under the guidance of Dr. Florenz Ziegfeld. Mr. Castle continued to teach until a few days before his death.

Among the more noted English tenor rôles created in this country by Mr. Castle are those of "Faust," "Lilly of Killarney," "Martha," "Satanella," "La Fiancée," Paul, in Victor Masse's opera of "Paul and Virginia," "Night in Granada," "Czar and Zimmerman," "Cinderella" and "Enchantress." He was a member of Jarrett and Palmer's company, which occupied Booth's Theatre, New York, during the season of 1875, and appeared with

Clara Louise Kellogg, Madame Jennie Van Zant, Zelda Seguin, Annie Beaumont, William Carleton and other famous artists. C. D. Hess, the impresario, said of him: "Mr. Castle has been most conspicuous for continuous service to the art of music. From 1869 down through the seasons of the Richings, Parepa Rosa, Kellogg, Hess and Emma Abbott Opera companies, Castle has

been a 'shining light' and a positive attraction for the devotees of English opera. For years he held the place in the hearts of the American public that Sims Reeves so long occupied with the English. An English opera season in the old days without Castle in his faithful, picturesque, and altogether charming personations of 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Don Caesar,' 'Manrico,' 'Raoul,' seemed in those days incomplete indeed. Mr. Castle received from me at one time the largest salary ever paid to an English-singing tenor for a season of opera in this country."

In view of these none too well-known facts, the following article from Mr. Castle's pen, written shortly before his death, and the only writing of the sort ever done by him for publication, should appeal strikingly to those who know only of the Carusos, the Zanatellos and the Constantinos:

"Changeful and eventful has been the career of opera, in the vernacular, in America. Away back in the beginning of things theatrical, musical comedy and operetta were occasional features of the theatrical repertoire. In those days actors in the stock companies were frequently called upon to assume singing rôles in addition to their dramatic duties. Madame Malibran probably gave the earliest interest to opera in this country. English ballads and two-part operas had been given in the West early in the fifties. The pioneers in this species of entertainment were Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Miss Sinclair, Miss Wilson, and the Seguins. They did not attempt any of the larger effects of operatic ensemble, as they carried neither chorus nor orchestra. Members of the local stock companies in the larger cities frequently helped out the so-called opera troupe. Joseph Jefferson had numerous experiences of this kind in his youth. Opera without chorus was an institution here up to 1860. I make bold to remark that the first organization in



Copyright J. Landy
WILLIAM CASTLE AS ROMEO



SIGNOR BELLINI

MME. GAZZANIGA

SIGNOR BICCHÌ

CARLOTTA PATTI

SIGNOR MAZZOLENI

ISABEL HINCKLEY

this country devoting its attention strictly to opera, and carrying both orchestra and chorus, was the Campbell and Castle Opera Company. The chorus was not large and the orchestra only numbered ten pieces, but the performers were of the best class, and thoroughly understood their business. This was before the days of musical union, and if an obligato part were missing some one of the orchestra would obligingly supply the deficit. This company remained together two years.

"During an artistic career extending over thirty years, one meets many persons of note, and memories crowd one another so fast it is difficult to select those of general interest. My lines have fallen in pleasant places, and I have been associated with many of the great artists of the past years, who were old in an artistic sense when I was young. Of the many organizations of which I have been a member, the best, to my mind, was that of Parepa Rosa. This company had from ninety to one hundred people, and the operas were presented with scrupulous regard for artistic ensemble. Parepa was unfortunately taken away in the height of her career. Never have I heard so beautiful a voice; so clear and musical it was, with a compass of over two and a half octaves. She was a massive woman, good-natured, full of life, and enjoyed a joke immensely. Her husband, Carl Rosa, the director, was a very small man, and was quite addicted to argument. I recall one evening when we were all dining together when Carl disagreed with his wife on some small matter. Parepa said, 'Carl, don't you contradict me; if you persist I will pick you up and set you on the mantelpiece.' Carl looked helplessly at his wife and at once gave in.

"My first appearance was with the late L. M. Gottschalk, pianist, in New York. Gottschalk was a wonderful performer and a splendid gentleman. We were to give a concert in Syracuse. Gottschalk was an inveterate billiard player, and before the entertainment we were playing a game, entirely forgetting about the assembling audience, when his valet rushed in, all excitement. 'Come, it is half-past eight, and the house is packed and raising the mischief; hurry.' Gottschalk looked up. 'Tell them to wait until I finish my game.' And the audience waited. When the company was organized, in 1864, in which I made my debut on the operatic stage, Theodore Thomas was our conductor, and I am indebted to him for his thorough work at that time. This company was merged with the Campbell and Castle Company during the latter part of this season. Balfe's opera, 'The Rose of Castile,' was first produced in this country at that time. In this opera a very funny incident occurred. Manuel, the part I was playing, has to use a whip, and cracks it in time with the song he is singing. The whip has a very long lash, and it takes a deal of practice to catch the time. As I threw out the lash for a tremendous crack it caught around the baton of the leader, and away it went out of his hand, up in the flies, and bounded back upon the stage. One may imagine the surprise and consternation of the disarmed conductor.

"It was during this season that the lamented President Lincoln

was assassinated. Our company was in Terre Haute, Ind., at the time. One morning about five o'clock I was awakened by a tremendous knocking at my door. I thought the hotel was on fire, and cried out in alarm, 'What is the matter?' 'Get up,' said the landlord; 'one of you ——— actors has been and killed the president.' Public feeling was directed against all players.

"When the Caroline Richings Company formed in 1866, I became a member. During this and the subsequent seasons we produced many operas for the first time in this country in English. We were always hard at work. Miss Richings herself was indefatigable. She would drill the chorus, rehearse the principals in the morning, then in the afternoon teach the ballet, besides singing almost every evening. Her father, Peter Richings, the manager, was a very pompous and dignified old gentleman, who prided himself on looking like George Washington, and on special occasions, like a benefit, would produce an apotheosis of the 'Father of his Country' to wind up the entertainment. The company were grouped around a pedestal on which was mounted a bank of clouds, Mr. Richings dressed as the immortal George and Miss Richings as the Goddess of Liberty, the company as soldiers and sailors. We would sing the *Star Spangled Banner*, the principals taking the solo verses. We had a couple of the dare-devils in the company who were always up to some sort of mischief. One night, just as the curtain was about to be

rung up on the apotheosis, Mr. Richings discovered a soldier on one side and a sailor on the other. 'Wh-a-a-t are you doing here, gentlemen? (in his pompous way); don't you know, sir, that this is heaven, and only Caroline and I are permitted here?'

"Very good work was done in this company. We were all young and ambitious. But the company did not carry an orchestra, only about four or five men, so that we used to fill up with the local musicians of whatever city or town we were in. One time, I recall, we were rehearsing 'Lucia,' and in the mad scene the flute and the voice are together a great deal. The flute could not keep

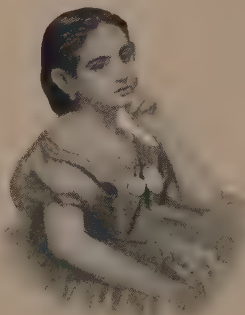
up with the soprano, and Behrens, the conductor, became exceedingly irritable. He scolded the player. 'Play in time,' says Behrens. 'Vell, I can'd go more quick.' 'What's the matter?' said the conductor. 'Vell, I am von shoemaker at home and de vax on mine feengers sticks to mine flude so I can'd get dem off quick.' During the Parepa season, 1869-72, many of the more important operas were first produced in English. 'The Puritan's Daughter,' 'Le Domino Noir,' 'Huguenots,' 'Fidelio,' 'Un Ballo in Maschera,' 'Oberon,' 'The Water Carrier,' etc. The company was a strong one and the work done artistic. This was the most pretentious of all the English opera companies. Carl Rosa was an excellent conductor, and the performances

went with great dash and vim. Both Rosa and Mme. Parepa were liked by all the company, and it was more like a large family party. Nothing was too good for the company, and Parepa shared all the merriment. Often, while traveling, to while away the time, all would get together in the car and have a jolly time. I recollect she liked to imitate the Scotch bagpipe."

GEO. ADE DAVIS.



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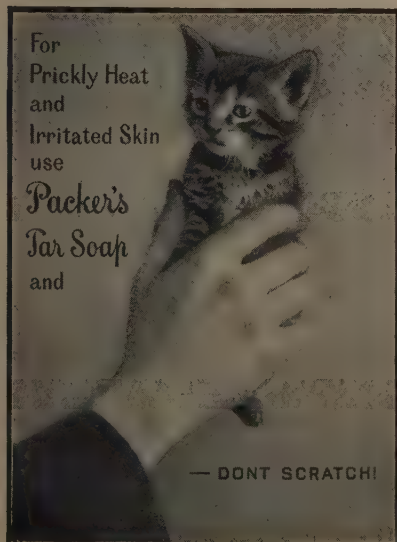
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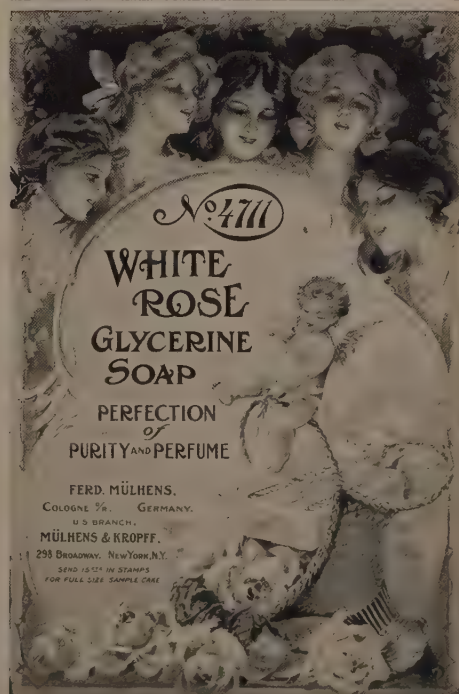
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Ibsen and Women of His Dramas

(Continued from page 54)

charm and beauty, but he was also lured by her wealth and position. But in every case where he places a man between two women as in "Rosmersholm," "Hedda Gabler," "Little Eyolf" and "When We Dead Awake," the power of spiritual or intellectual affinity is stronger.

In John Gabriel Borkmann the selfish, scheming ambition of the hero has wrecked the lives of two women. To win the support of a rival for an enterprise upon which he has set his heart, Borkmann has denied his love for Ellida, leaving her free to accept the other man, and marries her sister, Gunhild. But Ella's love is not to be so easily transferred from one to the other suitor; she does not marry. However, when the great catastrophe comes to Borkmann's financial operations, it is she who stands by him, who gives his boy the love he misses in the chilled atmosphere of the parental home, where the father paces up and down in his room, which, since his disgrace, he has never left, while the mother, ir-reconcilable, pitiless, thinks but of means whereby to redeem the family's honor. The son is to restore it; but when the son grows up he chooses to go his own way out into the world not haunted by the family skeleton. The scene, in which the two women, who are both mothers to him, argue with her whom he has chosen to love and to mother him, is full of masterly touches of psychology. This woman, in her sane acceptance of things as they are, stands out in sharp contrast against the two sisters who have been changed to shadows by the tragedy of their lives by Borkmann's sin—the sin of killing love-life in a human soul.

The women of Ibsen's plays had so far been idealists of some kind or other, portrayed in the moment, when a catastrophe brings to them a sudden realization that their ideals were delusions. Selma, Nora, Frau Alving, Rebecca, Hedda and Ellida were such types. The conflicts in their lives were due either to their lack of moral strength to live up to their ideals or to the failure of the men with whom their fate was entwined to come up to that standard. For they were not content with an ideal in theory; they wanted to live it. In Ellida, Ibsen suggested a reconciliation between the real and the ideal when the critical moment brings her freedom. But in Frau Wilton of "John Gabriel Borkmann," he drew a new type, the woman without ideals, or better, without illusions. This woman in her philosophical acceptance of the ban of society, which pursues the wife whom her husband has divorced, is a distinct departure from her predecessors. She faces the disapproving glance of Frau Borkmann, who sees trouble ahead for the youth in his love for a woman so much older than himself, with the simple remark: "Men are so inconstant, Frau Borkmann, and women, too," and by these words offers the prospect for a solution, however far off it may be. It is significant, too, that Ella Renheim, who suffers as much as her sister from this blow to their individual hopes, consoles herself with the consciousness that the boy is happy, which, after all, is what she wished for.

These, then, are the women of Ibsen; women in whom goodness is never of that unearthly perfection which makes of human beings allegorical figures, but women in whom strength and weakness are ever blended. If they be not of that noble build which we admire in characters of classical antiquity or mediæval romance, we must remember that we do not see them in historical perspective. Their goodness is not without baser alloy, nor is their badness unrelieved by some redeeming trait. There are among them types which the pencil of the recording historian of the past would undoubtedly have branded as irretrievably bad, as it has done with many women of bygone ages. But we know that historians are only human, and that among them there never has been an Ibsen. AMELIA VON ENDE.



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Since playwriting has become a kind of manufacture, the most popular dramatists adopt their principles and their manner as the interest of the moment suggests. There are some dramatists who, to irritate the public opinion, in order to draw it towards themselves, make hardy professions of greater incredulity than they, in fact, entertain; others make a vast parade of their zeal for tenets for which their real regard is quite as questionable. Thus, in our days, the dramatists with a mission all ramble about without any settled creed, till they are finally lost in the wildest pyrrhonism.—*L'Epoca, Italy.*

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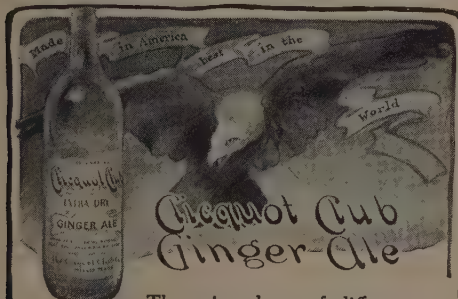
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Psychology of the Switchboard

(Continued from page 66)

some clusters of blue—for instance—must take a generous ten minutes to gain full intensity. Here and there on the stage "boards," at places known as pockets, which are merely indicated spots where light plugs may be inserted, a connecting link is to be had between a lamp and the main current. The electrician can only manage the general circuit of "foots" and "borders" and house lights; he has assistants who are drilled by him to work the separate lanterns from the wings and the bridges. Every movement of the persons on that supposed roof is attended by a corresponding balance of incandescence.

The ordinary dress-suit, drawing-room comedy has a fixed light which does not concern itself greatly with the switchboard. But whenever the latter is used, when the light values are supposed to move for the sake of theatrical effects so broad as to hide physiological consistency, then the lack of taste is felt as well as seen; there is certain to be incongruity of color, and also streaks of light, ill concealed if concealed at all, by the lanterns which, in the hands of the thinking mechanic, usually absorb and blend when necessary. We once had a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," more Edison than Shakespeare, more mechanical device than *Puck*, more accessory than art. On the other hand, Forbes Robertson's desert scene in Shaw's "chronicle" play, where Caesar first glimpses Cleopatra in the arms of the Sphinx, was made spacious merely through the varying of blue shadows on an almost empty stage, with a back drop of endless sky.

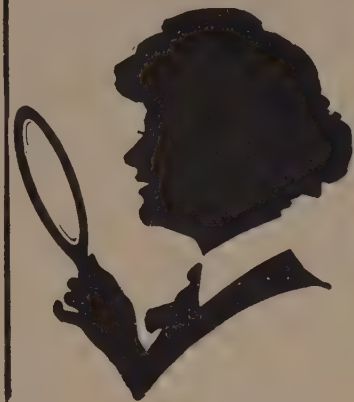
We are on the road to a great revolution in the psychology of the switchboard. Ever since Garrick brought with him from France the foot-light which replaced the ancient chandelier, we have been studying how to rid ourselves of it; we have a right to discard anything, to introduce any device which will suit our purpose, and still retain the object of illusion while enriching the picture. No one has yet established sufficiently well the arguments for abandoning foot-lights; there have only been added to the mechanics of stagecraft those latest accessories which will facilitate the subtle effects of shade and tint.

One sympathizes with the son of Ellen Terry, yet everybody interested in the stage as a civic necessity on one hand, and as an artistic need on the other, will agree that Gordon Craig in "The Art of the Theatre" has carried his theories of stage management a step too far, even as Maeterlinck first did, in formulating his principles for the static drama, in claiming for puppet plays substance rather than shadow. No theatre man will deny that Craig's designs of scenes, so shaded as to secure bas relief without "foots," are excellent where the relief is needed. No manager is wholly oblivious to the fact that though drama is essentially action, it is also picture, where every line of the scene in its relation with the size and color of the players, where every position, all mean relative grouping, fixed for balance and perspective. Miss Terry's scenic background for Ibsen's "The Vikings at Helgeland" adequately fulfilled the theory. Let the theatre become a masterpiece of mechanism, with a technique peculiar to itself, with a director above scene painter, actor, playwright, himself more creative than all three put together; let this bring us a dramatic renaissance, and one will scarce need a written story to compass a plot so quickly flashed upon the mind in light, song, dance and pantomime.

All radical reformers in stage lighting are tempered in time. Poor Steele Mackaye had a wonder-house of dreams half-way materialized at the Columbian Exposition. It was called, as an entertainment, Spectatorios; there were to have been automatic combination stages capable of rotary motion, water current makers, wave makers, wind current makers, weather makers, illuminoscopes, colorators for varied lighting in the daytime, nebulators for cloud effects, umbrators for shadows created by clouds. These are some of the marvels predicted in the theatrical Pandora's Box, which finally taxed Mackaye to the uttermost, bringing death with failure. Partly has this been realized in the Hippodrome, with its 3,700 border lamps, its 600 "foots," its 110 arcs, its 116 switches and its water tank. In 1893 Mackaye was a prophet, before the electrical revolution in stagecraft was effected. For it is within memory of some present-day theatregoers when Booth's New York theatre on Twenty-third Street had gas-jets installed which were simultaneously ignited by an electric spark—a marvelous stride from crude lamps and flickering candle dips.

MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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Actors and Their Stage Clothes

(Continued from page 46)

Through the aisles of the rambling, low-ceiled store, and among the packed shelves and boxes in the basement, you wander with Samuel, and at his touch up come any number of familiar figures, many of them gone from the stage forever, but some still frequently seen in the theatre.

You see the wraiths of Weber and Fields, David Warfield, Edward Harrigan, Nat Goodwin, Robert Mantell, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske and Henrietta Crossman, with the ghosts of poor Edward Morgan as he appeared in "The Christian," Stuart Robson in "The Henrietta," W. J. Florence in "The Mighty Dollar" and "The Rivals," Charles L. Davis in "Alvin Joslin," Lester Wallack, William Warren, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Davenport, and so on through a list that contains practically every distinguished stage name for three generations, at least.

Many of the costumes at Guttenberg's have had several owners. Particularly is this the case with what are technically known as "shapes." A "shape" is the trade name for costumes used in what are called "period plays," meaning plays whose action takes place in another period than our own. If the drama is of the time of Charles II, for example, the actor knows he can go to the second-hand costumier, and, without difficulty, obtain what he wants in the way of velvet coats, long embroidered waistcoats, breeches gay with long lace ruffles, broad-brimmed hat and feather, diamond-hilted sword and "bucket" boots, complete.

This rig is a "shape." Then there are the "square-cuts," of George IV's time, such as Mrs. Fiske's men wore in "Becky Sharp." The doublet and long hose of "Romeo and Juliet" and "As You Like It" can be found in many colors and styles, but all of the same general pattern.

It is the boast of the Guttenberg boys that they can fit out with costumes any play that ever was written, including wigs, swords and boots. Even armor of various periods is in their stock, from the breastplates of the Caesars to the chain-mail of Henry of Navarre, together with the spears and shields to be carried by the "super" men-at-arms.

"But these things are not new," you may object.

"Of course, they are not new," rejoins the ever-ready Samuel. "But you don't want them new. Stage clothes should look as if they had been worn. Why, many producers who are particular as to detail, like W. A. Brady, Harrison Grey Fiske, Klaw & Erlanger and David Belasco, come down here to dress some of their plays for that very reason. They could have their own work-people make the dresses, if they liked, but the newness of the costumes would spoil the effect they want, so they come to us. It is the same with actors. They know we have everything, because we attend all sales and buy up costumes by the hundred, which are always in good condition, without being staringly, glaringly new. There are very few actors that we haven't dressed at some time or other."

"With all the trimmings?"

"With everything—from hats and wigs to boots and spurs. We have them all. We bought nearly all of Henrietta Crossman's wardrobe a few weeks ago and most of Richard Mansfield's, except some of his things that Mrs. Mansfield would not part with. We bought up all of the wardrobe of the old Boston Museum, and we have William Warren's complete outfit."

Thus Samuel Guttenberg, as he stands in the doorway of his unpretentious store in lower Sixth Avenue, after the ghosts have been laid, and, from the fact that every New York actor knows Guttenberg's as well as he does the "Lambs," we may not question this somewhat sweeping assertion.

There are some stars who own valuable wardrobes, especially those who play a Shakespearean repertoire. Robert Mantell and E. H. Sothern, for example, have clothes, armor and personal "props" that may have cost \$100,000 or more. On the other hand, a star who appears only in modern plays, like John Drew, has but little more on hand than might be possessed by any well-to-do man with a penchant for being well dressed in private life. In the particular case of John Drew, however, it must not be forgotten that he was for many years an impersonator of romantic characters, and doubtless has, besides the stage clothes he wears in these days, or nights, a valuable wardrobe suitable for the sword and doublet parts he filled when he played opposite Ada Rehan under the management of Augustin Daly. And yet, who shall say that even John Drew does not know his way to Guttenberg's? GEO. C. JENKS.

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Manhattan Opera Plans

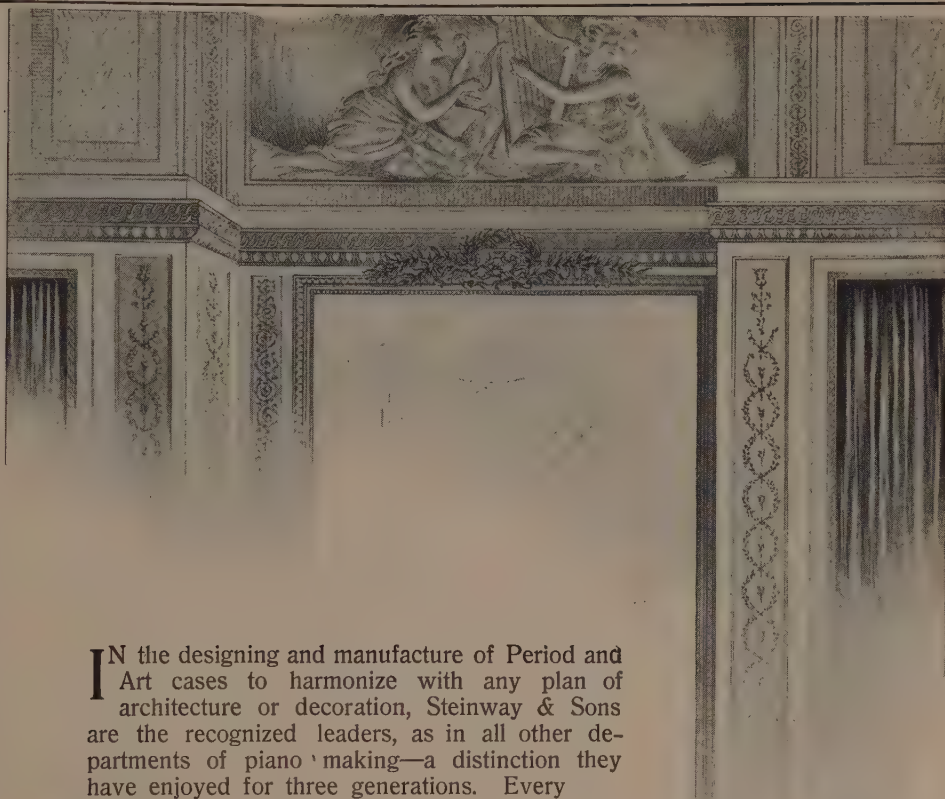
The so-called "educational" season of grand opera, at reduced rates, will occupy the Manhattan from August 30 to November 15, when the regular subscription season begins. The principal singers of the "educational" company are to be: Tenors—Dufault, Lucas, Carasa, Russo and Venturini. Baritones—Bignatiero, Beck, Villa, Maltes and Maridalia. Basses—Laskai, Nicoloy and Scott. Sopranos—Lango, Riche, Sylva, Berone, Grippon and Lalla Miranda. Contraltos—D'Alvarez, Soyer, Gentel and Bayard. The first performance will be "Le Prophète." The other operas of the opening week will be "La Juive," "Lohengrin," "Aida" and "Carmen." The orchestra will consist of the full strength of the Manhattan Opera House organization, and the full chorus will take part. The highest price, with the exception of a few seats, will be \$1.50, and will go down to 50 cents. The operas are to be selected from the following repertory: "Le Prophète," "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "La Juive," "Carmen," "Aida," "Robert Le Diable," "Louise," "Princesse D'Auberge," "Thais," "Fidelio," "Les Huguenots," "Lakmé," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Norma," "La Traviata," "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "The Bohemian Girl" (in English), "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "La Navarraise," "La Gioconda," "Faust" and "Siberia." The conductors for this supplementary season will be Sturant, Scognamiglio and Ruiz. The regular Manhattan Opera season will open November 15 with Massenet's "Herodiade." The principal parts will be sung by Garden, Gerville-Reache, Renaud and Dalmores. Among the novelties of this season which will be given here and in Philadelphia are Massenet's "Sapho," with Garden in the title rôle, the same composer's "Grisélidis" and "Feuersoth," and "Electra" by Richard Strauss, "Mona Vanna" by Xavier Leroux, "Aphrodite" by Camille d'Erlanger, "Zaza" by Leoncavallo (with Carmen-Melis in the title rôle), "La Fille du Regiment" (for Tetrizzini), and "The Violin Maker of Cremona" by Hubay. "Die Meistersinger" will be sung in French for the first Wagner performance of the regular season. The roster of this company is as follows: Tenors—Zenatello, Dalmores, McCormack, Constantino, Di Bernardi, Duffault, Modena and Parlacci. Baritones—Renaud, Sammarco, Polese, Dufranne, Crabbe, Gilbert, Losano and Fossetta. Basses—Huberdeau, Vallier and De Grazia. Sopranos—Tetrizzini, Garden, Cavallieri, Carmen-Melis, Labia, Mazarin, Trentini and Dumeneil. Mezzo sopranos—Gerville-Reache, Doria and Bayard. The new conductors are De la Fuente from the opera house at Antwerp, Anselmi, Starem and Charlier. The conductors for Philadelphia are Sturani, Cartier and Bertram. The season of opera comique, which is to be sung on Tuesday and Saturday evenings, will begin on the second night of the regular season. The artists for this troupe are Cavalieri, Deslormes, Laya, Nobla, Lango, Villar, Duchesne, Ecarte, Du Vries, Valles, Elardo, Dufour, Leroux, Dambrine, Nosstrand and Blondel. Both Gilbert and Renaud are to take part in some of the productions of operetta. One of these will be when Renaud sings Gaspard in "Les Cloches de Corneville." The repertory will include "Dame Blanche," "Les Dragons de Villars," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "Belle Helene," "Grande Duchesse," "Giroflé-Girofla," "La Fille de Madame Angot," "La Mascotte," "Le Jour et la Nuit," "La Chauve-Souris (Die Fledermaus)," "La Fille du Tambour Major," "Orphé aux Enfers" and "La Jolie Parfumeuse."—*Musical Courier.*

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Metropolitan Magazine

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

"A Subscriber," West Hoboken.—Q.—Was Mabel Taliaferro in the cast of "The Children of the Ghetto," and was it before or after her appearance in "Lost River"? A.—The season of 1899 to 1900 Miss Taliaferro played Esther in "The Children of the Ghetto" and the year following was seen in "Lost River."

A. Z., California.—Q.—Please give me a short sketch of Maude Adams' life? A.—We have published much regarding Miss Adams' life. A biography in book form may be purchased at this office. An interview appeared in our September, 1903, number. See also our issue of March, 1909.

Out West.—See answer to "Interested." Q.—What actresses have played Cigarette in "Under Two Flags"? A.—Miss Blanche Bates is the principal one.

C. S., Lima, O.—Q.—How do you pronounce Kyrle Bellew's name? A.—Curl Bell-yew. Q.—Do you intend publishing an article about Maggie Mitchell in your beautiful magazine? A.—We have no such present intention. Q.—How do you pronounce Vera Komisarzhewski's name? A.—To the best of our knowledge, as spelled.

H. H. H., Chicago.—Q.—What is the correct pronunciation of Nazimova? A.—Na-zee'-mo-va. Q.—What is the meaning of the word Gabler as applied to Hedda Tesman in Ibsen's drama? A.—It was her name. Q.—Please tell me the principals in "The Best of Friends," produced at the Academy of Music five years ago? A.—We cannot find a record of the cast.

E. L. B. A.—Q.—What noted actresses have played Cigarette in "Under Two Flags"? A.—Miss Blanche Bates is the principal one. Q.—Have you ever published a picture of Virginia Kline? A.—Yes, as Regina in "Ghosts," April, 1903. Q.—Where can I get a copy of the poem recited in "When We Were Twenty-one"? A.—Perhaps Mr. Nat Goodwin can tell you.

Josephine, Detroit, Mich.—Q.—Please give the complete cast of "Under Two Flags" when Blanche Bates played in it? A.—Bertie Cecil, Francis Carlyle; John, Maclyn Arbuckle; Rake, Edward S. Ables; Countess of Warrimster, Rose Snyder; Venetia Lyonesse, Margaret Robinson; Marquis of Chateauroux, Campbell Gollan; Lord Constantia, Arthur Bruce; Pierre Baroni, Albert Brunning; Renee Baroni, Grace Eliston; Gen. Lamoriciere, Matt. Snyder; Paul Lamoriciere, Madge West; Capt. de Chanrellon, Beresford Webb; En-ta-Mabouli, Tefft Johnson; Amineh, Mrs. F. M. Bates; Cigarette, Blanche Bates.

F. M. S., Brooklyn.—For list of cast of players who opened Corse Payton's Lee Avenue Theatre, Brooklyn, Sept. 3, 1900, you had best address the management.

E. G. B.—Q.—What was the date of the first production of "Ingomar," and cast of first noteworthy production in New York? A.—Col. Brown, in his "History of the New York Stage," makes no mention of the first production, but the first performance mentioned is in 1854, with a Miss Woodward in the leading rôle. Q.—Is "Trelawney of the Wells" being played anywhere today? A.—Possibly by some stock company, as it frequently is given by such. Q.—Technically, is comedy strict comedy if there is a death off stage of one of the minor characters? A.—Possibly not, yet it is often so styled.

P. A. H., Denver, Colo.—Q.—Is the edition of "Rosmersholm," translated by Charles Archer and edited by William Archer, the same one acted by Mrs. Fiske? A.—We cannot say, but in all probability. In any case, there are changes made in it.

C. P. L.—Q.—Is it possible to secure a copy of the play, "The Servant in the House," and if so, where? A.—Yes, of Harper Bros. Q.—What is the price of the picture of Walter Hampden as Manson in the May number? A.—There are none for sale here. Q.—A picture of Robert Mantell as Julius Caesar appears on the title page of the June number. In what play does he assume that character? A.—It was a typographical error. Mr. Mantell plays Brutus in "Julius Caesar."

G. H. K.—Q.—What is Morgan Coman playing in? A.—In "Mary Jane's Pa," with Henry E. Dixey. Q.—In what did he appear before "The College Widow"? A.—He was for four years under Mr. Charles Frohman's management.

M. A. H., Minneapolis, Minn.—Q.—Please tell me if Maude Durbin is still on the stage? A.—She is not. She married and retired.

An Interested Reader.—Q.—Please tell me something of the career of John E. Ince, Jr.? A.—Mr. Ince is too young to be said to have had a career as yet. He is at present playing in vaudeville. Q.—Can you supply pictures of Mr. Ince in "The Great Divide"? A.—No. Q.—In what is Annie Russell playing this season? A.—"The Stronger Sex."

G. V.—Q.—Will you give a sketch of the life of William Elliott now with Warfield? A.—He came East with Mr. Kelsey, and has been under David Belasco's management for three seasons. He is a clever young actor, and it is reported that he is to be starred by Belasco next season. Q.—What is Robert Lorraine now playing in? A.—He is in London, and has played twelve different rôles there during the season, latest in "The School for Scandal."

F. W., Pittsburg, Pa.—Q.—In what company is Ralph Kellard now playing? A.—He recently closed a very successful season with Miss Mary Mannering, and is at present a member of a stock company.

B. M. E.—Q.—Are Julian Reed, Sol Aiken, Ritchie Ling and Charles Abbe actors? A.—Yes.

A Constant Reader, Catskill, N. Y.—Q.—Will you publish an interview or sketch of Miss Ada Mcade of "Mlle. Modiste"? A.—We may, later. She sang very charmingly a small rôle in the above mentioned opera. Q.—What piece is she now appearing in? A.—We believe the same.

C. C.—Q.—Will you tell me something of James Montgomery, now appearing in "Brewster's Millions"? A.—He is a young actor, who as yet has played small parts only, at least in metropolitan productions.

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E. B., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—In what issue did you publish a personal article on Maude Adams? A.—Sept., 1903. Q.—Has she played in Europe? A.—Yes, in London.

W. W. C.—Q.—Can you give information about the life of Donald Brian? A.—Before playing Prince Danilo last year and this in "The Merry Widow," he played George Cohan's parts in the latter left the companies in several of the Cohan plays.

R. H., Pueblo, Colo.—Q.—Can you tell me where Miss Claud Albright, formerly of the Savage Grand Opera Company, is now appearing? A.—She is not at present connected with any theatrical or operatic production.

S. E. L.—Q.—Has Ethel Jackson left the stage? A.—Yes, since her recent marriage.

In answer to a request, we print herewith the original cast of "The Christian" as produced in this city: John Storm, Ed. J. Morgan; Father Lamplugh, R. J. Dillon; Archdeacon Wealthy, Geo. Woodward; Lord Storm, C. G. Craig; Horatio Drake, John Mason; Lord Robert Ure, Jameson Lee Finney; Faro King, Myron Calice; Brother Paul, Frank J. Keenan; Parson Quayle, Grev Nichols; Mrs. Callender, Mrs. George Dickson; Polly Love, Ethel Marlowe; Betty, Carrie Merlees; Netty, Perdita Hudspeth; Glory Quayle, Viola Allen.

M. S. M., Michigan.—Q.—Did Robert Edeson ever play with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister"? A.—He was the first actor to assume the title rôle. Q.—Where was Robert Edeson born? A.—In New Orleans. F. G. K., Omaha, Neb.—Q.—Can you tell me who wrote the sketch entitled "Remorse" in which Walter Percival appeared on the Keith circuit several years ago? A.—Mr. Percival himself.

R. J.—Albert G. Andrews was born in Buffalo, N. Y., in 1857. Was educated in France and England, and at the College of the City of New York. His father was a member of Burton's Chamber Street Theatre company. Mr. Andrews made his first stage appearance with the Chippendales in Dublin, in 1876, the following year played with the Haymarket Company. In 1878 he joined Henry Irving's Lyceum Company, London, and remained with him for six years, accompanying Sir Henry on his first tour to the United States, in 1883-4. He was for five years a member of Charles Hawtrev's London company. At various times he has supported Barry Sullivan, Creswick, Florence, McCullough, Genevieve Ward, Jenny Lee, etc. He came to the United States in 1890, and joined Richard Mansfield's company, remaining for sixteen years as principal support in various lines of drama. For a short season he then supported Miss Eleanor Robson, and is now for the second season with Otis Skinner, playing Rouget in "The Honor of the Family." While playing Peter in "Romeo and Juliet," with Sir Henry Irving, Mr. Andrews' picture, taken with Miss Stirling, who played the nurse, was placed in the foyer of the Théâtre Français by request, and he was also offered an engagement at the Palais Royal.

V. I. Q.—Q.—What is the strictly technical definition of ingenuet? A.—Ingenuous, or young girl rôles, of the sweet kind, as distinguished from the soubrette type.

G. K. M.—Q.—What must one do to join or become a member of the Actors' Society of New York? A.—Apply to that society for particulars. The address is 133 West 45th Street. Q.—Who furnishes the costumes, scenery and plays for a stock company, and how long is the following play in rehearsal? A.—Modern costumes are usually furnished by the players, historical costumes, plays, and scenery by management. As a rule, each play runs a week, the new one being rehearsed during the week prior to production.

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A Card from Mrs. Clifford

To the Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

SIR:—An American friend has sent me a cutting from the THEATRE MAGAZINE for June—an enquiry from "J. R. M., Ashbury College, Ottawa"—as to where he could get a copy of my play "Madeleine." My agent, Miss Kauser, of 1402 Broadway, New York, can supply him with one if necessary, and give him all information. I should like to add that this play was originally called "A Supreme Moment," and appeared in the *Nineteenth Century Review* under that title. It was changed without my knowledge and permission.

Yours faithfully,

London, June 9, 1909.

T. CLIFFORD.

"Lori Pollinger" to Be Seen Here

The Viennese comedy, "Lori Pollinger," which Henry W. Savage is to produce in New York in September, probably under the title of "Miss Patsy," will be the first of a series of foreign plays that have enjoyed huge success abroad and which Mr. Savage has secured for a company which he will organize and maintain especially for imported works. It will be in the nature of a stock comedy company, with the individual players selected for their versatility and ability to play a repertoire.

"Lori Pollinger" was written by Franz von Schoenthan, a number of whose earlier plays were adapted and presented by Augustin Daly. American playlovers long ago applauded his "Railroad of Love," "A Night Off" and others. His works rank among the best examples of the German school of refined light comedy.



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Loiterings About Paris and at Auteuil

HOW misleading is that word to describe anything one may do in Paris, particularly during the grande semaine, as they call the week of the big race meetings that bring the

season to a grande finale. We have the reputation of being busy and rushing about in New York, but, believe me, one has not the faintest idea of what rushing means unless one has been here at this season. It is come here, go there; have you seen this, or have you not seen that? until your head is in a perfect whirl. There are a thousand and one things to do at all hours of the day and night, and from eleven o'clock in the morning, the fashionable hour for the promenade in the Bois, until the after-theatre supper, no one seems to rest a moment.

Women more beautifully gowned and hatted I have never seen in my life, and some of them are even more beautiful than their clothes, which is saying a great deal. The American woman must here share the honors both as to beauty and good dressing with her French sister. Certainly one sees quite a deal of eccentric dressing, but this is by no means confined to the French. For example, I saw Mrs. Lydig the other afternoon at the Ritz, clad in the most astonishing and close-fitting black satin gown, over which was one of fine old white lace, and topped by a big black hat, ornamented with an enormous white osprey. The hat was correctly posed, as is always the case with this fair dame, but the toilet positively cried aloud, and refused to allow its wearer to be anything but the observed of all.

There are quantities of smart tailor-mades to be seen during the day wherever the society folk and those of the theatre are gathered. Probably the greatest surprise I have had since my return to the City of Light has been to see how generally the tailored suit, or, to be more Parisian, the tailored costume is worn here. On the Rue de la Paix and its immediate vicinity during the morning hours there is absolutely nothing else to be seen but tailored suits made with short skirts, and mighty natty they are, too, even though on the head is posed a hat as big as a cartwheel. For the early hours of the day these costumes are made of fine serge, rough homespun and hopsacking in neutral tones of natural colored tussor in both smooth and corded effects and of colored

linen. Really I have seen so many natural colored tussor and shantung suits and gowns that I am getting rather tired of the tone. No doubt it is a fine material for warm weather use, but when

every other woman one meets is so arrayed it palls upon the eye. To be sure, the hat of a contrasting color gives life to the picture. An excellent example of this I saw last week at the Fête des Fleurs, where the actress, Mme. Suzanne Derval, was wearing a natty coat suit of the natural colored shantung and a Carlier hat of pale and dull green tagal straw, with a big Tam crown of white lace, the joining of crown and brim being concealed by a band of lovely rose-colored velvet ribbon.

And by the way, many of the newest models at Carlier's have an upward movement to the brim, that is so becoming to the American face. When I was in there Mme. Andrée Mégard, of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, was just choosing a lovely one of mauve pongee, the crown surrounded by big white muslin roses and a drapery of heavy lace. As I was leaving, Mme. Dieterls, of the Variétés, rushed in, wearing a little panama hat of the mushroom type, the edge bound with plum velvet and the whole draped with a Persian silk scarf. The hat was set back on the head and tipped well over the right ear, and altogether it was just the right finish for the tailored suit of brown homespun. I was shown the hat that won the prize for little hats at the recent concours, and of which the Maison Carlier may be justly proud. This was a cap-like turban of fancy yellow straw with a frill of narrow Valenciennes lace to soften the outline of the brim, and simply trimmed with a stunning bow of black velvet.

Over here every woman who makes any pretense to smartness frankly acknowledges that she wears "tiches," as hair that has not grown on the wearer's head is familiarly called. Braids and puffs are most used, though the little puffs can easily be

transformed into curls if one so desires. The hair is arranged low in front and generally parted at one side, the braid in the back in a wide ring about the head, and the puffs are used to fill in any discrepancies between brim and head after the hat is in place. Of course, the hat is there to stay, unless the time and place are opportune for removing the tiches at the same moment.



Foulard gown in dark red, with fine black lines, trimmed with black satin bands. The guimpe and sleeves are of white net. From Vaganey, 34 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris

I also noted that ribbon bands are being much worn in the hair. Sometimes the ribbon is woven in and out among the tresses, again it simply encircles the head in Grecian style. Another use of ribbon that is both becoming and useful is the half-inch black velvet band worn about the throat outside the transparent collar. Mrs. Corey wore one with her magnificent toilet at Auteuil



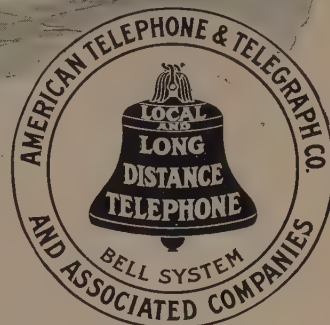
Photo Reutlinger

Gray satin gown covered with a tunic of silver net work, and the blue satin sash finished with silver tassels. From Maison Vaganey, Paris

Sunday, and others had them with lingerie blouses. They are always studded at intervals with buckles of brilliants, and, as they fasten tight around the throat, serve to keep the soft collar in place.

Another use of ribbons is for sashes for foulard and lingerie gowns. For foulard they were either black or of the color of the foulard, and were attached to the gown generally at the normal waist-line. The ends did not meet in front, but were concealed by bands of foulard seemingly held in position by several large fancy metal buttons.

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Stunning tailored suit of white serge trimmed with soutache embroidery. The serge buttons are set on black taffeta, as is the Aiglon collar, with soft revers of dead rose Liberty satin. From Henry & Co., Paris

For the lingerie gowns the ribbons were of delicate hue, such as pale pink, blue and mauve. Sometimes they encircled the waist, in other instances they were run under the embroidery in front, but always the ends reached almost to the end of the short train.

In most instances these ribbon sashes were not more than four inches wide, but I noticed among the gowns shown me at Laferrière's that wider ribbons were used both for sashes and for the heading of net and lace flounces about the bottom of the skirts. Laferrière is making vert hannane and ripe orange quite the modish colors, and while they are far from commonly worn, I noticed on the passage that the nicest women had them. One was of linen

in the vert bananne shade, a little princess gown with instep length skirt made in the moyen age. The cuirass bodice came down well over the hips so as to show the curves, but not far enough to be disfiguring, and to it was attached the skirt, which was plaited front and back and plain at the sides. The bodice was an easy fit about the waist-line, and the coat was long and ornamented, with heavy lace, dyed to match the linen, with a deep shawl collar of black satin. The cuirass bodice was embroidered in a solid pattern in the same tone. With it was worn an all-black hat. All the world is wearing the long coat for the tailored suit, and it comes within ten or twelve inches of the bottom of the short skirt.

But already I noticed an inclination to a coat that ends somewhat above the knees. By far the smartest white serge suit at Auteuil Sunday was in Louis XVI style, made in this length and trimmed with innumerable crochet buttons. Certainly Green & Co. are to be congratulated upon the introduction of this style, which is just suited to the American taste and figure, and has been named the Bradley model. The skirt was plaited, and hung from a yoke that was much shorter in the back than in front. The hat worn with this costume was all black, turned sharply up at the left side, and trimmed with velvet and ostrich tips, and a black velvet band around the collar of the exquisite blouse made of baby Irish and



Model "Favorite." A gown for informal dinners. The corsage is of cream lace covered with black net embroidered with jet. The skirt is of lace net trimmed with little taffeta ruffles and bands of jet. Made by Badin & Co., Paris

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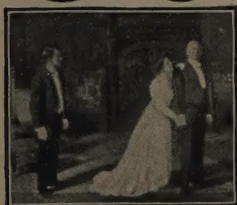
March 1914
The Lion and the Mouse

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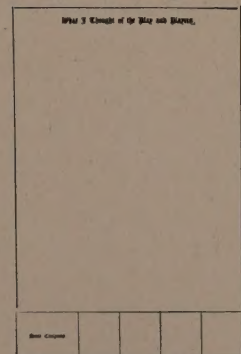
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Model "Trottin." This is in the Moyen Age style. The corsage is embellished with net, embroidery and taffeta, with plaited voile skirt. The natty little coat of taffeta completes a smart walking costume. From Badin & Co.

Valenciennes lace. The only touch of color was the bright green parasol.

There are just as many coat and skirt suits with lingerie blouses being worn as there are princess dresses with matching coats. The blouses are of the most dainty description, and always so fresh and becoming, and made with long sleeves. Embroidered net, combinations of lace and delicate embroidery, and cotton crêpe are most in evidence. Last week I saw at Redfern's a lovely blouse of mauve crêpe, made with a shallow yoke and collar of white net, which would be simply perfect with a suit of the same color or one of blue serge. I saw there a blue serge, short-skirted princess dress, made easy-fitting about the waist, that if I do not possess before I leave Paris I shall consider my trip all in vain.

A reception gown shown me there was a dream of artistic perfection. The trained skirt was of old gold satin, heavily embroidered in the same tone. And over this was a tunic of black etamine lightly embroidered in black around the edges and the low-cut neck,

which was filled in with a dull yellow net guimpe. The satin skirt was moulded to the figure, but the transparent tunic hung loosely from the shoulders. Another charming gown was in green gold meteore, that would be immensely becoming to blonde as well as brunette coloring. I am sure of this, because every one knows that yellow is a color for brunettes, and the mannequin who displayed this gown was a blonde of the most pronounced type and wonderful blue eyes. When I paid her a compliment, as well as the gown, she blushed like a kiddie.

Speaking of beautiful women, Redfern has the honor of dressing Mrs. George Gould, and to my mind she was the most beautiful American at the races, and she sets off her clothes to such advantage, too, that it must be a pleasure to create costumes for her. I think the most beautiful French woman I have seen is the Duchesse de Morny, a lovely blonde goddess. She was dressed at Auteuil in a sheer white embroidered batiste gown with touches of creme lace and pink satin, and a flower-trimmed big black hat set back on the head to form a halo for her golden hair. Describe the gown I cannot, for I was too much enchanted with her beauty. I only know that it was a perfect and costly frame for a rare beauty.

The veils most fashionable are of black net with big squares or dots and a number of fine lines to join them. They are one yard wide, and cost a pretty penny. One I bought at the Galleries Lafayette cost me more than nine francs, \$1.80. It takes fully a yard and a quarter to go around the big hats. I notice that the correct way to drape them is to catch the upper edge over the hat brim and then let the extra width fall about the shoulders. Some



Photo Félix

Evening coat of light gray moiré trimmed with bands of Pompadour embroidery. From Laferrière, dressmaker to the Courts of England and Spain



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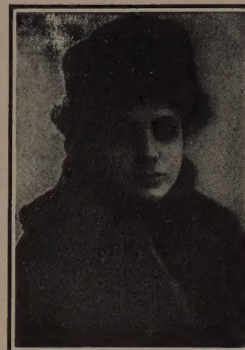
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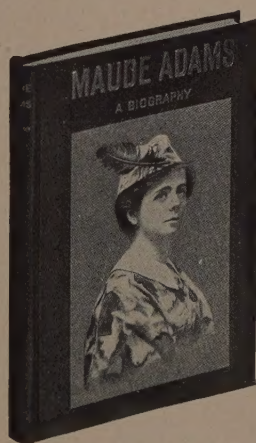
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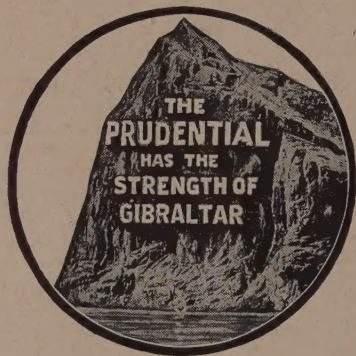
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I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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catch this in with a pin at the back of the neck, but mostly they are allowed to hang about the neck, so that they can be easily raised during the luncheon or afternoon tea hour. A few women are wearing a veil of octagon mesh, with at long intervals a small leaf scattered over the surface. If the leaf is rightly arranged on the face the effect is quite fascinating. The dotted nets give the effect of being quite heavy, and are somewhat mask-like, but they are light and very comfortable to wear on warm days.

There is one, and really but one, certain way to tell an American over here, and that is by her shoes. The French shoe has an



Photo Manuel

Large hat of green tagal straw trimmed with a big mauve wing, green and mauve roses, and a knot of green velvet at the back. Made by Eliane, 79 Rue des Petits Champs, Paris

immensely long vamp that makes the foot look longer than it really is, while the short vamped American shoe has just the contrary effect. I was therefore mighty glad to come across the Walk-Over shoe shop on the Boulevard Haussmann yesterday, and found there just as many pretty styles as in the Fifth Avenue shop. The bronze shoe is, I am told, an American style, and one that is much admired over here. My bronze pumps created quite a sensation at a dinner out at Versailles one night, and every woman came up and asked me confidentially where I got them, which pleased me mightily. Of course, I shall live in them hereafter, if for no other reason than to cause the other women envy. But then they are so soft and comfortable that they are most satisfactory and much cooler than a black shoe for summer. Black is generally worn here, though I note quite a popularity for champagne, even with the tailored suit of dark color.

In going about I see that the French women wear much deeper mourning than we do. Whole costumes and entire coats of English crape are, I am assured by the fashion authorities, absolutely necessary for a widow. Henrietta cloth, trimmed with bands of crape, is the universal first costume for relatives other than a husband. And then there is the hat of moderate size, covered with a crape veil that hangs down the back below the waist.

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